



No. 99.—Vol. VIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



YVETTE GUILBERT SINGING "MA GRAND'-MÈRE," AT THE EMPIRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

Lord Rosebery, speaking at Devonport, attributed the defeats in Forfarshire and at Brigg to the superior local advantages of the Conservative candidates. The Government intended to proceed in due course with the work of the next Session, and then ask for a mandate from the people to deal with the veto of the House of Lords.—At the first united dinner of the Farmers' Club and the Central Associated Chambers of Agriculture, the ex-Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Chaplin, proposed the toast of Agriculture, and Mr. Herbert Gardner, the present Minister, replied. He said the one bright spot in the agricultural outlook was the absence of disease among cattle.—The late Duchess of Montrose's racing stud of twenty horses was sold at Newmarket for £27,655 guineas.—Mr. Irving addressed the Literary Society of Owens College, Manchester, on "Macbeth." He got a wildly enthusiastic reception from the students.—Prince Hohenlohe made his first appearance before the Reichstag in his capacity of Imperial Chancellor. Financial reform he declared to be indispensable, and he promised that the just demands of the agricultural classes should be satisfied.—A stormy scene was witnessed in the Italian Chamber, arising out of threatened further disclosures concerning the Bank scandals. Signor Giolitti produced a packet of documents, which, he said, were wanting in the recent prosecutions. The President declined to receive the packet, but Signor Giolitti placed it before him and resumed his seat. After a series of tumultuous scenes, lasting for five hours, the Chamber appointed a committee of five members to examine the documents, and use its discretion as to revealing them.—Great enthusiasm has been excited throughout Hungary by the royal approval of the Ecclesiastical Bills. Nearly 10,000 telegrams have been sent from Buda-Pesth alone to the Emperor-King, thanking him for his action, and expressing loyalty and homage.—The Japanese have captured Kinchow, no resistance being offered. In Manchuria General Techimi's division defeated a Chinese force of 3000.

Wednesday.

Prince Adolphus of Teck was married to Lady Margaret Grosvenor, daughter of the Duke of Westminster, at Eaton Hall.—The Queen held a Council at Windsor Castle, when Sir John Thompson, the Premier and Minister of Justice in Canada, was introduced and sworn in as a member of the Privy Council. Sir John, who had complained of feeling unwell when he arrived at the Castle, retired with other Ministers after the Council to luncheon, and immediately afterwards was attacked by syncope, and died in a few minutes. Of Irish parentage, he was born at Halifax in 1845. He began his Parliamentary career as a reporter in the Provincial House of Assembly, of which he became a member in 1877. He became Premier in 1892.—Nearly one thousand of the members and friends of the Royal Geographical Society attended an "At Home" given by the President, Mr. Clements Markham, on the occasion of the formal re-opening of the Society's house, Savile Row, after extensive alterations.—Under the presidency of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the annual dinner of the Actors' Benevolent Fund was held at the Hôtel Métropole. The list of subscriptions amounted to nearly £1000.—The Christmas sale of the Queen's fat stock realised £3025.—M. Burdeau, President of the French Chamber of Deputies, died to-day. He was born in 1851.

Thursday.

The body of the late Sir John Thompson was removed from Windsor Castle to London, preparatory to its removal to Canada. The Queen, who has shown deep regret for the death of the deceased Minister, herself placed a wreath on the coffin prior to its removal. Having learned that Sir John Thompson was a Roman Catholic, her Majesty immediately gave instructions that the Rector of St. Edward's Catholic Church should be communicated with, and at eleven o'clock on Wednesday night Father Longinotto visited the room in the Castle where the body had been laid, and held the usual service for the dead. Lady Thompson has accepted the offer of the British Government to convey the body to Halifax on board a man-of-war.—A new Ministry has been formed in Newfoundland, with Mr. D. J. Greene, Q.C., as Premier.—Earl Spencer, speaking at Bradford, ridiculed the idea that the defeats at Forfar and Brigg indicated the rout of the Liberal party.—Lord George Hamilton, in thanking the London School Board for electing him Chairman, said he accepted office in the interests of no particular section or party. The Hon. Lyulph Stanley and Mr. Diggle both promised to support him.—Lord Winchelsea occupied the chair at the second Congress of the National Agricultural Union, held at St. James's Hall. The question which, he thought, overshadowed all others was their inadequate representation in Parliament, and he urged the formation of a strong body of agricultural members in the House of Commons, irrespective of party, to carry out the reforms they required.—By nine votes to four the Standing Orders Committee of the German Reichstag refused the application of the Public Prosecutor for authority to proceed against Herr Liebknecht, one of the Socialist members who took part in a disloyal demonstration in a course of a sitting of the House.

Friday.

One million persons out of work in this country—that was the statement that Mr. Keir Hardie made in the presence of Lord Rosebery at a Liberal demonstration at Stratford Town Hall to-night. The Premier expressed much astonishment at the statement, and suggested that Mr. Hardie should put himself in communication with the Board of Trade. Referring to Mr. Chamberlain's strange misunderstanding of what he said at Devonport, Lord Rosebery

ironically remarked that Mr. Chamberlain was the last of the great line of British humorists.—The Queen, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duke and Duchess of York, was present at a special service held in the Frogmore Mausoleum in memory of the Prince Consort, who died on Dec. 14, 1861.—A requiem service for the repose of the soul of the late Sir John Thompson was held at St. James's Church, Spanish Place. The Queen was represented by Lord Hawkesbury, and Lord Ripon was among those present.—Lord Cross, speaking at Peterborough, said Lord Rosebery had signally failed as Premier, and both he and the resolution in his pocket were extinct volcanoes. They had heard of the Gladstonian Liberal—they would never hear of the Roseberian.—Sir Edward Clarke, speaking at a dinner of the United Wards Club, said the House of Lords was in an extremely healthy condition. In the Commons the ensuing session was to be devoted to "ploughing the sands of the sea-shore."—Lord Roberts, speaking at a dinner given in Birmingham to veterans of the Indian Mutiny and the Crimea, said he hoped that any scheme of old-age pensions which might be decided upon would be extended to the Army.—The will of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, made in May, 1889, clearly proves that the testator does not leave a colossal fortune to his heirs. Apart from the château of La Chesnaye and a reasonable sum, his wife and children will depend chiefly upon the handsome annuity of the Suez Canal Company.—Eugene Debs, the leader of the American railway strikes, and several other members of the Railway Union, were found guilty of contempt of Court. Debs was sentenced to six months' and the others to three months' imprisonment each.—It is reported from Newfoundland that all the factories and workshops have discharged their hands, there being no currency for the payment of wages. Great anxiety is felt for the working-people, who will soon be without food.

Saturday.

At a French Cabinet Council the ministers received communication of a despatch from Madagascar, announcing that the French occupied Tamatave, almost without fighting, at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, and established themselves in the place.—The funeral of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps took place at the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot, Paris, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. The coffin rested on a simple catafalque in the centre of the edifice, surrounded by an immense number of wreaths, among which those sent by the Suez Canal Company and the French civil engineers were conspicuous. Nine of Lesseps' twelve children were present.—The Chinese have had a glimpse of luck, for they compelled a Japanese force of cavalry which attacked them near Feng Huang Teheng to fall back on a strong position, and adopt defensive tactics. It is stated that the Emperor has secretly quitted the capital, and the Empress, with the Imperial harem, have left Peking for a palace twenty miles west.—Lord Roberts, speaking at Birmingham, deprecated the policy of strengthening the Navy at the expense of the Army. This country was as open to invasion as in the time of Napoleon.—The first sod of the new Snowdon Mountain Tramway was cut to-day.

Sunday.

Melodramatists should take note of the wedding which took place in Paris to-day, when Ortiz, the Anarchist burglar, who was recently sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, was allowed to leave his prison-cell on the occasion of his marriage with his sweetheart, Antoinette Cazals, who has remained faithful to him, and will eventually follow her newly acquired husband to New Caledonia. The wedding took place at the Mayor's official residence in the Boulevard Voltaire. Bride and bridegroom then kissed one another, and Ortiz was once more handcuffed and taken back to Mazas.—M. Auguste Burdeau, late President of the Chamber of Deputies, was buried. The official ceremony took place at the Palais Bourbon, where the speeches were delivered by M. de Mahy, M. Demole, M. Challemlacour, and M. Dupuy. The remains were afterwards deposited in a temporary vault at Père Lachaise.—A Rugby football match was played in Paris to-day between teams representing Oxford University and the Racing Club de France. Oxford won by nine goals to six.—Dr. R. F. Horton, speaking in St. James's Hall, referred to the letter sent to Cardinal Vaughan by the Cardinal of Toledo, who had written that Spain was at present engaged "in praying for the welfare of England, that land so violently agitated by the principle of private judgment—origin of all intellectual error and deplorable division." No institution in the world, said Dr. Horton, makes such disastrous errors as an infallible Church, and makes the errors of each generation into the very support of the Church, so that she becomes an increasing influence of error in the history of the world.—Mr. R. H. Wyndham, for long connected with the theatrical management in Edinburgh, died to-day in his eightieth year. Both Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole were in his stock company in 1854.

Monday.

There is a feeling in Paris that M. Brisson will be elected to succeed M. Burdeau as President of the Chamber. The election takes place to-morrow.—The Emperor William has sent to Mr. Poulteney Bigelow, who is a member of the Committee for the preservation of Carlyle's house in Chelsea, £100 to the fund, for, he writes, he is "a descendant of the great king whose life Carlyle so vividly and nobly described."—It is stated that the Japanese Government has contracted with a company at Pittsburgh for light-armoured torpedo-boats, having been unable to place the contract in Great Britain owing to the treaties existing between that country and China and Japan.—Madame Navarro (Miss Mary Anderson) is satisfactorily convalescing.

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS: THE SECOND FLIGHT.

The cry is "Still they come!" The *Queen* Christmas number is a royal budget, and when we read at the top of the cover "postage one half-penny," we marvel at the power of the "bawbee." One hundred and twenty-eight pages, including advertisements, and even the advertisement pages full of interest, pictorial and descriptive, to say nothing of the contributions of Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mr. Walter Besant, Miss Braddon,

and I. Zangwill are among the contributors, and the number is frontispiced with a plate delicately bright with the natural colours of an Oriental subject. "One Touch of Nature" represents, not "The Arab's farewell to his steed," but the Arab's farewell to his infant son, as, camel-mounted, he starts, let us hope, upon some honest enterprise. "Street Scenes in Cairo," by Robert Hichens; "Westminster," by Walter Besant; "The Rise of Wellington," by General Roberts—the two former of which are beautifully illustrated—are full of interest, and the whole includes a variety which seems to leave no good taste unprovided.

Punch Christmas number carries our thoughts back to the time when the *London Charivari* and the *Illustrated London News* were the only caterers of illustrated literary Christmas fare. Now their name is legion, but while the pioneers still hold their own, it is but natural that one should mingle the thoughts of old and new, and, while enjoying the literary menu of 1894, look back with "old and crusted" pleasure to the times when Christmas, if less illustrated in the public prints and journals, was not one whit less welcome to English hearts and homes.

The *Pall Mall Budget* has, like Joseph, a coat of many colours. There are no less than three pictorial wrappers before we get to the story by Rudyard Kipling, which is the chief item in the number. "Letting in the Jungle" continues the experiences of Mowgli, and is full of tragedy and incident; even the wolves sing a magnificent morning song in the jungle—but that's another story. One must not forget the fine illustrations by Cecil Aldin. There are coloured plates to suit various tastes; one of them proves how well Robert Sauber's dainty work looks when it is engraved. "Mars" writes and illustrates an account of "Paris Premières." H. G. Wells is the author of another good tale, illustrated by A. Birkenruth. There are clever pictures by C. M. Sheldon, St. Clair Simmons, and other artists, and an amusing dialogue by W. Pett Ridge.

Simultaneously with Christmas numbers come the bound volumes of magazines. "The Rosebud Annual" (James Clarke and Co.) will delight every child who loves pictures. There are all sorts of amusing sketches by Louis Wain, G. Stoddart, and other clever artists, sufficient to make multitudes of little ones happy.

"HAZELL'S ANNUAL."

The crimson covers of familiar year-books appear as regularly at this time of the year as the red holly-berries. The earliest to claim notice is *Hazell's Annual* (Hazell, Watson, and Viney), which is better value for three-and-sixpence than ever. By the side of its slim forerunner, the edition for 1886, the present volume is one hundred and fifty pages thicker. The tenth issue of *Hazell* is a convenient milestone on the road to note the changes which have taken place in the book since it first appeared. Then it was an experiment, now it is a necessity. Its first editor was Mr. E. D. Price, who was highly dowered with discrimination and an infinite capacity for taking pains; its present editor is Mr. W. Palmer, whose "note" is different, but whose capability for the post he occupies has been proved. There is, perhaps, in the new volume a return to its encyclopædic form; seeing that it has higher claims as a year-book pure and simple, we think it would be advisable to abbreviate many of the articles, and also to place them, as formerly, under short headings. This is particularly the case with the long articles on "Law" and "Engineering." But it is pleasanter to praise, and there is ample scope for compliments on the many excellent new articles included. The Navy is, as usual, most thoroughly surveyed at home and abroad; Parliament and its work is ably condensed; the Labour movement is carefully traced; and there is a masterly article on Railways. The writer has noted a few faults in this well-nigh infallible book. Olive Schreiner is not Mrs. Crinwright; Dr. Kitchin is no longer Dean of Winchester; in the *Times* article there is no mention of the death of Mr. J. Walter; the secretary of the Royal Historical Society is no longer Mr. P. E. Dove; there is no list of "Pseudonyms" this year, which is a distinct loss. Many of the biographies need re-writing in the light of later events. There are new biographies of Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. "Anthony Hope," and others. But the book has very many other merits than can be summarised into brevity. "Hazell's Annual," in a word, is indispensable and almost indisputable. We can only conclude with the Shaksperian paraphrase: "Thrice armed is he who has his *Hazell* handy!"



THE YOUNG NAPOLEON. FROM A MARBLE BUST BY AN UNKNOWN SCULPTOR IN THE MUSEUM AT AJACCIO.

From Professor William M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," in "The Century" for December.

Carmen Sylva, Lady Guelph, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, and the two supplements, "A Portrait Study" and "A Reverie."

"The Splendid Paupers" is Mr. Stead's bold, not to say eccentric, Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews*, a number which will serve as a literary tonic among the annuals of the present season. In 1892, in "From the Old World to the New," Mr. Stead discussed, in advance, "Chicago and the World's Fair"; in 1893 he dealt with the "Liberator" swindles, under the title "Two and Two Make Four"; this year the fall of prices, the debates upon the death duties, the arrival of plutocrats from the United States, and the war between China and Japan, provide the topics for "The Splendid Paupers." How the author succeeds in weaving together such remote and heterogeneous subjects, nothing less than the perusal of his annual will show.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* Christmas number is indeed opulent with the wealth of picture, song, and story. Hamilton Aidé, A. H. Bevan, "Q," General Roberts, Walter Besant, Lionel Booth, Rider Haggard,

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH-COAST RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.—ORDINARY
RETURN TICKETS for distances under 12 miles issued on Saturday, Sunday or Monday, Dec. 22, 23, and 24, are available for the return journey up to the evening of the following Wednesday, and those issued at any time for distances from 12 to 50 miles eight days, and for distances over 50 miles for one calendar month, including date of issue and return.

Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Dec. 21, 22, and 23, to or from London and the Seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Thursday, Dec. 27, as per Special Bills.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA
TRAINS Dec. 22 and 24. The Fast Train leaving Victoria at 4.55 p.m. and London Bridge 5 p.m., will take passengers for Ryde, St. Helens, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (First, Second, and Third Class). Also to Newport and Cowes on Dec. 24 only.

On MONDAY, DEC. 24, A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Ventnor 7.28 a.m., calling at all Stations to Ryde Pier, in connection with a Boat at 8.5 a.m. to Portsmouth Harbour to join 8.45 a.m. Fast Train to London (First, Second, and Third Class).

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY.
First-Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Returning by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.

Pullman Cars are run in these Trains, returning from Brighton 5 p.m. and 8.40. Special Cheap Fare, including Pullman Car, 12s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast
Trains every Week-day.

From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m., also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES. For the convenience of
Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c. :—

The Company's West End Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings.

Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand.

99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road.

Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand, and Westbourne Grove.

Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.

Jakin's, 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate.

Myers, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road.

The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street.

Ordinary Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.

For further particulars see Handbills, to be had at all Stations and at any of the above Offices.

(By Order)

A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

DEC. 20, 21, 22, and 24, TICKETS WILL BE ISSUED IN ADVANCE AND DATED AS REQUIRED at King's Cross, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Victoria (L. C. and D.), Ludgate Hill, Farringdon, Holloway, Finsbury Park, the various West End, City, and other offices, at the offices of Swan and Leach, 3, Charing Cross and 32, Piccadilly Circus; of William Whiteley, 151, Queen's Road, Bayswater; Robertson and Co., 191, Fulham Road, S.W.; at the Army and Navy Stores, 105, Victoria Street, S.W.; Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Civil Service Co-operative Society, 28, Haymarket, S.W.; of Hernu, Peron, and Co., 98 and 100, Queen Victoria Street; and of A. Jakins and Co., 99, Leadenhall Street (Leadenhall House), E.C.; 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate, W.; and Red Cap, 6, Camden Road.

DEC. 22 and 24, additional trains will be run to meet requirements of traffic. The 10.40 p.m. express from King's Cross, which does not usually run beyond Berwick on Saturday nights, will, on Saturday, Dec. 22, and Monday, 24, be run through to Edinburgh, and be due in Edinburgh at 10.15 a.m. on Dec. 23 and 25. Monday, Dec. 24, the 5 p.m. express from King's Cross will be continued to Melton Constable, calling at all stations east of Peterborough. A Special Express, at ordinary fares, will leave London (King's Cross) at 12 midnight on Monday, Dec. 24, for Welwyn, Stevenage, Hitchin, Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neot's, Huntingdon, Peterborough, Spalding, Boston, Grimsby, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Selby, York, &c.

CHRISTMAS DAY, the trains will run as on Sundays, except that the 5.15 a.m. Express from King's Cross (at ordinary fares) will be run to Peterborough, Bourne, Stamford, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax, stopping at the intermediate stations at which it ordinarily calls, and will be continued to York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, &c.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

FRIDAY NIGHTS, DEC. 21 and 28, Cheap Excursions to Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Montrose, Aberdeen, and other stations in Scotland, will leave Victoria (L. C. & D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and King's Cross (G. N.). Passengers for the excursion on Dec. 21 return on Wednesday, 26, or Saturday, 29, and those by the excursion on Dec. 28 return on Wednesday, Jan. 2, or on Friday, Jan. 4.

TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued by these excursions to places named, available for return on any day within eight days, including days of issue and return.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22, cheap express excursions will be run from London (Victoria, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and King's Cross, G.N.), to Cambridge, Lynn, Norwich, Cromer, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Tutbury, Stoke, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Manchester, Liverpool, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Keighley, Halifax, Hull, York, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, &c.

For fares and full particulars see bills, to be obtained at the Company's stations and town offices.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

LONDON, KING'S CROSS, Dec. 1894.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

SUNDAY, DEC. 23, and CHRISTMAS DAY. A FAST TRAIN, leaving CHARING CROSS at 10 a.m. and CANNON STREET at 10.5 a.m., for ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, RAMSGATE, and MARGATE. On Christmas Day Several Extra Trains will be run between other Stations, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

MONDAY, DEC. 24, A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TONBRIDGE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, WESTENHANGER, SHORNCLIFFE, RADNOR PARK, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12 MIDNIGHT, WATERLOO 12.2 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.5 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.12 a.m., and NEW CROSS 12.20 a.m.

The Cheap Tickets issued to various Seaside Stations on this day will be available to return up to and including Dec. 27.

BANK HOLIDAY, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26.—Several Trains will be withdrawn and altered. Late trains will run from London. For full particulars of Extension of Time for Return Tickets, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme.

MYLES FENTON, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (EUSTON, BROAD STREET, AND KENSINGTON).

ON DEC. 20, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, Thurles, Galway, Sligo, and other places in the South and West of Ireland. To Return within 16 days.

ON DEC. 21, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, Enniskillen, Warrenpoint, Dundalk, Newry, and other places in the North of Ireland. To Return within 16 days.

ON DEC. 21, to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Callander, &c. For 5 or 8 days.

ON DEC. 22, to Londonderry, via Fleetwood and via Liverpool, and thence by Steamer direct. To return within 16 days.

ON DEC. 22 (EVENING), to Coventry, Leamington, Birmingham, South Staffordshire Stations, Wolverhampton, Nuneaton, Tamworth, Lichfield, Liverpool, Warrington, Wigan, Preston, Windermere, Penrith, Lancaster, Keswick, Cockermouth, Barrow, Grange, Whitehaven, Workington, Manchester, Staleybridge, Stockport, Oldham, Ashton, Macclesfield, Stoke, Chester, Birkhead, Rhyl, Bangor, Llandudno Junction, Carnarvon, Holyhead, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, Wellington, Llanidloes, Barmouth, Aberystwyth, Borth, Aberdovey, and other Stations. For 4 or 6 days.

ON DEC. 23, to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Callander, &c. For 5 or 7 days.

+ By the Excursion Trains to Carlisle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and the North of Scotland on Dec. 21 and 28, Passengers can also obtain Third Class Tickets at a SINGLE ORDINARY FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY, available to return by one fixed Ordinary Train on any day up to Dec. 29 and Jan. 4, respectively.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations, Parcels Receiving Offices, and of Messrs. Gaze and Sons, 142, Strand.

London, Dec. 1894.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

EARLY ISSUE OF TICKETS IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

The Booking Offices at ST. PANCRAS and MOORGATE STREET STATIONS will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, Dec. 21, 22, and 24. Tickets to all principal Stations on the Midland Railway and Lines in connection can also be obtained beforehand at

THE MIDLAND COMPANY'S CITY AND SUBURBAN OFFICES:

445, West Strand; 267, Strand; 189, Victoria Street; 33, Cranbourne Street; 101, High Holborn; 5, Charing Cross (corner of Northumberland Avenue); 1, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly; 10a, New Bond Street; Gloucester Office, 495, Oxford Street; 272, Regent Circus, Oxford Street; 170, Queen's Road, Bayswater; 109, Tottenham Court Road; 9, Sloane Square; 33, Cannon Street; 13, Aldersgate Street; 10, Commercial Road; Four Swans, 36, Camomile Street; 13, Parkside, Knightsbridge; 122, Mare Street, Hackney.

COOK'S TOURIST OFFICES:—

Ludgate Circus; 9, Gracechurch Street; 33, Piccadilly; 82, Oxford Street 13, Cockspur Street; Mr. W. Whiteley's (Westbourne Grove), W.

L. B. and S. C. CO.'S OFFICES:—

28, Regent Street, Piccadilly; 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square. And at "Redcap," 6, Camden Road; "Empire" Office, 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; 50a and 52a, Leadenhall House; Myers' Office, 1a, Pentonville Road; 11, Onslow Place, South Kensington; Army and Navy Stores, 105, Victoria Street, Westminster; Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street.

Tickets obtained at these Offices will be available from St. Pancras Station, will be issued at the same fares as charged at that Station, and be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.

Derby, Dec. 1894.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS from London to the West of England, North and South Devon, Plymouth, the Somerset and Dorset Line (not on Sunday or Christmas Day), Weymouth, Dorchester, Poole, Bournemouth, &c., will be issued by all trains on Dec. 22, 23, 24, and 25, available to return up to and including Dec. 29.

TO GUERNSEY and JERSEY on Dec. 22, 24, and 25, at a fare of 25s., available by any train or boat for 14 days.

On Dec. 22, an EXTRA TRAIN will leave Waterloo at 4.45 p.m. for the WEST OF ENGLAND. On Dec. 22 and 24, SPECIAL LATE TRAINS will leave Waterloo at 10.15 p.m. for Salisbury, Yeovil, and EXETER, and intermediate Stations, and at 12.10 MIDNIGHT FOR EXETER, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, DEVONPORT, PLYMOUTH, and other Stations in South and North Devon, &c. The 5 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to North Devon Stations, also to Sidmouth, Exeter, Tavistock, Plymouth, &c. The Cheap Tickets will be issued by these trains.

On SUNDAY, Dec. 23, and CHRISTMAS DAY, Dec. 25, the 11 a.m. Train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Ilfracombe.

On CHRISTMAS DAY SPECIAL TRAINS will leave Waterloo as under, calling at principal intermediate Stations. At 5.50 a.m. for Basingstoke, Salisbury, EXETER, Tavistock, PLYMOUTH, Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, &c. At 8.5 a.m. for SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR (for Ryde), Salisbury, Christchurch, Bournemouth, Lynton, Yarmouth, &c. The 8.30 a.m. train from Waterloo to Yeovil will be extended to Exeter, calling at intermediate Stations. At 9.30 a.m., FAST TRAIN at cheap fares for Southampton West, New Forest, and Bournemouth.

For further particulars of additional Trains, facilities to the Isle of Wight, return special late trains from country stations, on Wednesday, Dec. 26, and Thursday, Dec. 27, &c., see Programmes.

Tickets can be obtained beforehand at the South-Western Company's West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; the City Office, Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West. HANDBILLS can also be obtained at any of the above offices, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

On Dec. 18, and during the week preceding Christmas Day, CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS, available on forward journey from Dec. 22 to 25, and for return up to Dec. 29, inclusive, will be issued from PADDINGTON, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, &c., to Bath, BRISTOL, Taunton, Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, EXETER, TORQUAY, PLYMOUTH, Falmouth, Penzance, YEOVIL, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, &c.; and for use on Dec. 22 and 24 only, to GUERNSEY and JERSEY. The tickets will be available by all Trains.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will leave PADDINGTON STATION as under:

SATURDAY NIGHT, Dec. 22, 11.10 p.m., for BATH and BRISTOL, returning Wednesday night, Dec. 26.

11.40 p.m. for Oxford, Chipping Norton, Evesham, Worcester, Malvern, Hereford, Banbury, Leamington, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Aberystwyth, Dolgellau, Barmouth, Chester, Liverpool, &c., returning Wednesday Night, Dec. 26, or Friday, Dec. 28.

12.40 a.m. (Sunday morning) for Cirencester, Stroud, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Cardiff, Swansea, Carmarthen Junction, Haverfordwest, New Milford, Pembroke Dock, Tenby, &c., returning Wednesday night, Dec. 26.

Tickets, Bills, Pamphlets, and full particulars of alterations in ordinary train arrangements can be obtained at the Company's Stations and Receiving Offices at 193 and 407, Oxford Street; 23, New Oxford Street; 4, Holborn Circus; 26, Regent Street; 269, Strand; 17, Brompton Road; 29, Charing Cross; 5, Arthur Street East, London Bridge; 82, Queen Victoria Street; Minorities (opposite Goodman's Yard); 137, Borough High Street (Nag's Head Yard); 67, Gresham Street; 4, Cheapside; 181, Tottenham Court Road; Cambridge Circus, Shaftesbury Avenue; The Piazza, Covent Garden Market; and the L. B. and S. C. Office (under Grand Hotel), Trafalgar Square.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

THE JOHNSON CLUB.

The Johnson Club celebrated its tenth birthday on Thursday evening by supping in the sacred precincts of the Old Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street. It was on Dec. 13, 1784, that the hero for whom it exists and has its being quitted a world that had not been over-kind to him, and the 110th anniversary of that event was marked in an appropriate way by the club. For the nonce, the eighteenth century ousted the din of to day, as the club met within the low-roofed room with its sanded floor, and the members feasted on the traditional steak-pudding and English beer of the hostel, and smoked the stately churchwarden in a spirit of contentment not always known in our time. The company was a distinguished one, numbering at least three great exponents of eighteenth-centuryism, each in different lines—in prose, in poetry, in picture. First came the Prior for the year, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P., whose "Obiter Dicta" long since placed him among the great scholars of the age in which Johnson lived. The two guests of the evening were Mr. Austin Dobson, who has voiced that age in verse as no one else has done, and Mr. Herbert Railton, whose pencil, used on the occasion to design the *menu*, has so often pictured for us the simple charm of eighteenth-century architecture. The most interesting figure of the evening was

She even extolled her position—

"I'm none of your 'large-paper' cranks,"
She said with a smile. "This edition
Cost only a couple of francs."

Till then—well, she scarcely had spoken,

But silently sat in her place;

Yet now that the ice had been broken,

She rattled along at a pace.

"At the Sign of the Lyre"—did I know it?

Her praises were not to be capped;

And then she kept calling the poet

"Beau Austin"—which struck me as apt.

"I know," she continued, "we're clanking

To Town by a railway approach;

But his songs make me think I am spanking

Along in an old-fashioned coach;

Perhaps with the horses a-flying,

A Beau Brocade down on our track—

Though then I should likely be crying;

You, armed to resist the attack.



The JOHNSON CLUB

Prior Augustine Birrell Q.C. M.P.

Scribe E. J. Leveson.

The scene by James Tregaskis.
The Drawing by J. J. Leveson.

undoubtedly Mr. Dobson. His health was proposed just in such a way as it might have been in the days when men of letters indited odes to one another. Mr. George Whale first read a poem from the pen of Mr. J. M. Bulloch, in gentle imitation of Mr. Dobson's style, and entitled—

INCOGNITA THE SECOND.

(In which will be found an appreciation of Mr. Austin Dobson, with apologies to himself.)

Ah! that was a journey in clover,
That afternoon spent in the train;
We were spinning to London from Dover,
Both fresh from a Paris campaign—
The fog of the city before us;
Behind us the sinuous Seine,
Yet this is the strain of my chorus:
"I long for that journey again."

She took out a book from her jacket—
Of course you have guessed that a She
Had voyaged the Straits in the packet
And travelled to London with me—
'Twas the buff-covered Leipzig selection
Of Dobson in varying moods,
Preserved from the Customs' detection—
You know it is contraband goods.*

I hadn't the heart to upbraid her—
Though the poet was robbed of his fee—
For she was as pretty a raider
As ever sailed over the sea;

"I see all the dames of St. James's
Set forth in Sedans to the play,
They live, though the list of their names is
Forgot in the din of to-day.
The minuet?—well, we might trip it,"
She said, and she blushed to the throat;
"And I would be dressed in a tippet
Instead of this tailor-made coat.
"It's not that he only can trill us
The charms of old English romance;
You know he can equally fill us
With joy at his pictures of France.
In Paris I thought of the story
He tells of Ninon and Ninette,
His simple old curé, the hoary
Vieuxbois, and the gentle Babette."
Ballades were "so charmingly treated"—
She quoted the "Pompadour's Fan,"
And then how old England defeated
King Philip's nefarious plan:
"He had sworn for a year he would sack us,"
She read in a tone of disdain;
"But we had bold Neptune to back us,
And where are the galleons of Spain?"
The villanelles hadn't a rival;
She quoted the "Blue Mandarin,"
Whose story (an ancient survival)
Was told on a plate from Nankin.
The rondeaux were "really delicious";
'Twas ever, "Now listen to this!"
The triolets quaintly capricious,
She cited "A Tear" and "A Kiss."

* "The English Library." Vol. 82. Selected Poems. By Austin Dobson. Leipzig: Heinemann and Balestier. 1892. "The volumes of the English Library are published by arrangement with the authors, and enjoy copyright in all Continental countries, but may not be introduced into Great Britain, Ireland, or the British Colonies."

So that's how I met an admirer
Of Dobson's most exquisite art;
A maid, whose devotion could fire her
To learn half his verses by heart;
A Patron, because she applauded—
Old Johnson had called her a rook,
For she (like *his* Patron) defrauded
The author, by smuggling that book.

One station was passed, and another;
Too quickly Victoria came—
She was met (I suppose) by her mother,
And left without giving her name.
But I'll always remember the flashes
Of praise which she couldn't restrain,
And I sorrow in sackcloth and ashes,
Longing to see her again.

And then Mr. L. F. Austin, seconding the toast in a speech of rare wit, felt compelled to fall into rhyme. He had taken the delightful ballad on "The Ladies of St. James's," and perverted in this wise—

THE JOURNALISTS OF FLEET STREET.

The Journalists of Fleet Street,
What nightly toil is theirs
To give their daily message
The eloquence of prayers!
But Publishers, my Publishers,
When morn is scarce array'd,
They run to trim their discounts,
And haggle with "the trade."

The Journalists of Fleet Street,
How modestly they strive
To keep the soul of Wisdom
Anonymous and naïve!
But Publishers, my Publishers,
With ever-swelling speed,
They blot the blue with sky-signs
Of scribes we never read!

The Journalists of Fleet Street
Wear shoddy on their backs,
They dwell in gruesome garrets
Beyond St. Mary Axe;
But Publishers, my Publishers,
Keep flunkeys on their stairs,
In ostentatious mansions
In distant Western squares.

The Journalists of Fleet Street
Have precious little cash,
They put their all in papers
Which swiftly go to smash;
But Publishers, my Publishers,
Sit twirling of their thumbs,
While sweated clerks with ledgers
Tot up colossal sums!

The Journalists of Fleet Street,
When taking of their ease,
Invoke the frequent tankard
That haunts the Cheshire Cheese;
But Publishers, my Publishers,
As epicures enjoy
The wines of Mr. Nicols
And soups of the Savoy.

The Journalists of Fleet Street,
Whose years are passing ripe,
Expect their latent virtues
To grace a heavenly type;
But Publishers, my Publishers,
On that celestial scene,
Will sell them to the Seraphs,
A dozen as thirteen!

The Journalists of Fleet Street
Will earn by right divine
For hymning Austin Dobson
A golden crown a line,
While Publishers, my Publishers,
With halos rather dim,
Are heard entreating vainly
Half profits on that hymn!

MR. BARRINGTON AND "THE KNIGHT ERRANT."

The other evening I neglected my coffee, and went to the Lyric Theatre early enough to hear the first piece, "The Knight Errant," of which Mr. Rutland Barrington is author, while Mr. Caldicott has written the music. I had heard it before, and found it no grievance to listen again, for the author has told his simple mediæval tale in gracefully written blank verse, and handled his subject cleverly. Moreover, Mr. Philp, of whom I prophesy great things, sang charmingly as the hero, and acted well, while Miss Alexander as the page, though a little too exuberant in style, showed no small ability as singer and actress. After it was over I ran round to the stage-door, and using the word *Sketch* as an "Open Sesame," got to Mr. Barrington's dressing-room.

"Why did you write it?" said I, as I gazed at the umbrella that was lying in a corner and embracing a sword in a fashion that caused me to utter the name of an illustrious person.

"You see," he answered, "I thought something of a more ambitious character than is usually given might please the people, so I tried. I wrote the piece, and really it read very well; but I have had to cut out a good deal. It's a pity." He sighed mournfully at the thought of his still-born verses.

"And how does the piece of more than usually ambitious character go down?"

With charming candour he replied, "It varies—sometimes very well; occasionally, chiefly on Saturday nights, the people make fun of it. However, I am contented, for the general opinion is favourable. Oh! not that of the Press, for they won't come to see it."

"I suppose you've other works in your drawer?"

"Oh, yes; if you like to come round to my flat in the Temple I'll— Oh, you're not in good health just now! I'm sorry. Well, when you're quite recovered you should try golf—it's a panacea. Well, there's 'Bartonmere Towers,' that was very well received at a *matinée*, and Grossmith has written music for an operetta of mine; and, look here—"

The dresser came in, and observed, "We've just time to do it if we're quick."

"I've got a little piece in that box, and if you stay till I come back, I've a long wait, and I'll read it to you."

However, I did not wait, for I was on duty at the Alhambra for the new ballet; otherwise I should have stayed, for Mr. Barrington has no mean talent as a writer, and really wanted an opinion, and not merely a listener.

"CLAUDE DUVAL."

Probably many of those who went to the Christmas edition of "Claude Duval" were drawn by the announcement that Miss Aïda Jenoure would appear. For the striking, individual dancing of Miss Jenoure, her excellent singing and clever acting, cause her long absence from our stage to be regretted. No doubt, we have several clever dancers, who, with thorough training, would be delightful, but, even among them, very few have any individuality. You can tell one from another by the different degrees of technical excellence they have respectively reached, and, of course, by their persons, but not because they have any personal style. The difference in effect produced by such artists as Otero and Candida in a particular dance cannot be detected in the efforts of most of our skirt-dancers. Of our few individual dancers, Miss Jenoure, whose first appearance in "The Mountebanks" surprised and delighted Londoners, is one.

Unfortunately, however, ill-health prevented Miss Jenoure from appearing on the first night of "Claude's" Christmas edition. Luckily, the company has been strengthened in other directions, and the piece has been improved. Miss Florence Levey is a welcome addition, though her second dance is a failure, owing to the incongruity of music, dress, and style of measure. Has she lost her voice? She never seems to sing nowadays, yet one remembers that she sang a song called "Girls of Society" very prettily in poor Cellier's opera, "The Sultan of Mocha," in which, by-the-bye, Mr. Charles Danby—was it not?—made a hit in London. Mr. W. H. Denny, too, is a valuable recruit, though the restraint of his method makes him seem a little tame by the side of his more boisterous comrades.

However, Mr. Roberts might parody a famous saying and remark, "La pièce c'est moi." One goes to see him, hoping for new songs and business, and content with the old; and so infinite is his variety that with him, to some extent, every performance is a new edition. Certainly the new version is brighter than the old, and Mr. Arthur is at his best, so no more need be said on the subject. No more save, perhaps, one thing. It would be wicked to pass in silence by the excellent singing of pretty Miss Violet Robinson. With such a voice, face, and form, and the idea of acting that she possesses, Miss Robinson has a chance of winning a high position on the comic opera stage. Let us hope she will labour earnestly at the cultivation of her valuable voice.

In our notice of the Teck-Grosvenor wedding last week it was somewhat vaguely stated that Eaton Hall was less than a century old. The present building, as a matter of fact, was reconstructed by Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., who spent fifteen years, beginning in 1870, over the development of the stately palace.

If the Club expected to hear Mr. Dobson orate, it must have been disappointed, for he returned thanks in the briefest way, modestly declining to detain the company from the subsequent pleasures in store for it. Among these was the singing, by Mr. A. P. Graves, of his immortal song, "Father O'Flynn," and a series of little speeches by, among others, Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. F. C. Gould, and Mr. Fisher Unwin.

"A KNIGHT ERRANT," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

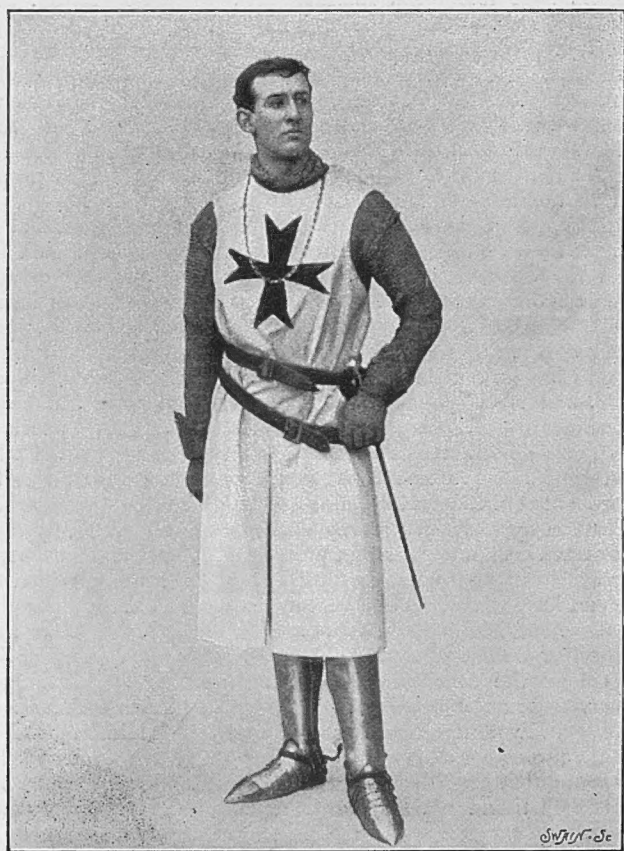
Photographs by Hanx, Strand.



MISS MAY CROSS AS THE LADY ERMENGARDE.



MR. ERNEST SNOW AS THE BARON DE BONCEUR.



MR. E. PHILP AS SIR FLORIAN DE GRACEIEUX.



MISS MARIE ALEXANDER AS ARMAND THE PAGE.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE CHIEFTAIN," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

The moral, if any, is simply this: Don't wander alone on the Spanish mountains if you are a married man unless you have a substantial escort. *Solitude à un* is not safe: you must have *solitude à deux dizaines*, and of well-armed folks into the bargain. If you do not believe me, ask Mr. Peter Adolphus Grigg, address The Savoy Theatre, Strand, and he will tell you that my views are correct. For he went wandering in search of the picturesque in the north of Spain near Campus-Stellæ—commonly called Campostello—and he fell among thieves (conveyancers, the wise them call) or Ladrões. "Ladrões," my dictionary tells me, is either the name of certain islands now officially known as the Marianne Islands, or else is simply a form of the Latin word *ladro*.

He fell among thieves, and the head of them sprang up and embraced him. For it chanced that Inez, the Chieftainness, had been accounted a widow for a year and a day, and was weary of single life. She was in search of a husband as ardently as ever "Japhet was in search of a Father." Now, the law of the Ladrões, unlike ours, was very simple, but resembled it in the fact that, as a rule, it was ridiculous. After the year and a day—but perhaps I had better quote from official documents—

When hath expired one year and a day,
If still the bold chieftain remaineth away,
The very first stranger who treadeth these boulders
The robe of the chieftain is thrown o'er his shoulders,
The old sacred hat must be placed on his head;
Him leader choose,
Should he refuse,
Then one, two, three, bang! and the stranger falls dead.

Grigg preferred not to be banged dead thrice, twice, or even once, and though he learned that the honour of ruling over the Ladrões involved that of being ruled over by Inez as wife, he did not shrink—save from the knives and pistols of the Ladrões. Yet it was hard upon Grigg, for his heart was true to Doll, or rather Poll or Polly, "his lawful wedded wife," who was waiting for him "at his domestic fire-side, Twickenham, S.W." Nevertheless, to a mind as subtle as Peter's, it was clear that the infidelity of a temporary state of bigamy was less unfaithful than an eternal voluntary separation, founded upon an ounce or two of lead or inch or so of steel.

Luckily, ransom came in due course, and Peter Adolphus became free to write indignant letters to the *Times* about the state of Spain, and return to the bosom of the "none-other-is-genuine" wife of his first wedding. However, little returning was needful, for Dolly had followed him to Spain, and was full of curiosity about the matter of his correspondence, but, like the celebrated character, I venture to "burst into verse"—Mr. Burnand's verse—

He started and wrote to me every day;
His letters—love, travel, and chat—
They suddenly ceased, then a week passed away;
I thought, 'There is something in that,
Tra, la, la,
A feminine something in that.

Now anyone will admit that it is rather painful to be obliged to explain to your wife that you have been compelled "to be another's" for a week or so. The wife of one's bosom is disposed to expect a Lucretian fortitude, and explanations such as "Dear wife, I live for thee," though they may pass in a poem, do not meet the views of a jealous spouse. So Peter, who felt this strongly, determined to avoid the truth. To take his own words—

There are cases when the simple truth is difficult to tell,
When 'tis better that the truth should not be known,
When we'd better leave it lying at the bottom of the well,
And agree with me to let that well alone.

Consequently he told his wife a cock-and-bull story about his courage in rescuing his friends, Vasquez and Rita, from the brigands, and as they were kind enough to endorse his falsehood, Dolly never discovered the truth, but if you ask her she will to this day tell you wonderful tales of the heroism of Peter. Discovery nearly came, for Inez and the band arrived at the hotel where Peter was, and threatened to tell the truth, but a hundred pounds proved to be an effective gag.

It may be guessed from this account of the story that "The Chieftain" does not rely for success on the intricacy or ingenuity of its plot; moreover, it cannot be asserted that the dialogue and lyrics show Mr. Burnand at his best, though, on the whole, they serve their purpose very fairly. The merit of the book is in the fact that it gives Sir Arthur Sullivan many numbers admirably suited to musical treatment. The brilliant composer did not miss an opportunity. The music is rather curious, for what may be called '67 Sullivan and '94 Sullivan are offered almost impartially. Probably most people will prefer the later vintage.

The second act contains several delightful numbers. The French duet, that is charmingly sung by Miss Florence St. John and Mr. Courtice Pounds, is so pretty, ingenious, and diverting, that it can hold its own against anything in the history of the theatre, nor would it be difficult to pick out several other items of great merit. In almost every respect the performance was admirable. Mr. Walter Passmore shows remarkable progress, and his Grigg is really an excellent piece of comic acting and singing. Miss St. John, though some of the music hardly suits her voice, sang charmingly, and praise is due to many others, notably Mr. Scott Fishe, Miss Rosina Brandram (who, however, rather lacked fire), Miss Florence Perry, and Mr. Courtice Pounds. MONOCLE.

MISS BLANCHE BARNETT.

From an art standpoint it may be doubted whether it be good for the aspirant after fame's laurels at first to find his or her lines falling in pleasant places. One's individuality and trial of strength are seriously handicapped by the "leg-up" which influence often exerts. Under such circumstances the best efforts may not be made, and there's the pity. This is especially regrettable when real talent and natural advantages are the personal armour worn by the young soldier who goes forth to conquer. These reflections are deduced from contemplation of Miss Blanche Barnett's position in the theatrical world by reason of her recent marriage with genial Fred Harris, whose companies at the Shaftesbury ("Morocco Bound"), at Terry's ("King Kodak"), and at the Avenue ("The Lady Slavey"), are freshly in our remembrance. Happily Miss Blanche Barnett is an enthusiast in histrionic art. From her present position she looks ahead to the pedestal on which the figures of Miss St. John and Miss Geraldine Ulmar are worthily posed as exponents of English light opera. But she must bear in mind with the French adage that there is *rien sans peine*. Gifted with a fine voice, trained by Madame St. Germain, and suggestive of the glorious organ of her sister, Mrs. Phillips (lately Miss Rica Barnett), a pupil of Tosti's, Miss Barnett inherits the vocal talents of a great-grandfather, well known in the clerical world to which he belonged. But she must not be satisfied with taking out her talents for a mere airing: they should be put to serious work. The applause which she deservedly gains every night on her appearance in "The Lady Slavey" at the Avenue should spur her on to still higher efforts. But if her path has been smooth since her appearance in her short career in "Morocco Bound," "King Kodak," and "The Lady Slavey," she had to leap the barrier of parental authority before arriving on the sunny side of the hedge. Curiously enough, her first leading part was as Lady Walkover on tour, in which she at once made a mark, but she must not accept the name-part as indicative with regard to her place in the great race-struggle of life. Light opera is her proper *métier*. The music of Sullivan, Ivan Caryll, Sydney Jones, and similar writers, exactly suit her *legère mezzo-soprano* voice—capable, however, of easily reaching A flat—while her bright spirits are always attuned to the gaiety incident to comic opera. Singing and dancing are natural gifts with Miss Barnett, but the one must, unfortunately, be always sacrificed to the other; these two accomplishments do not go well in double harness. With Miss Barnett there is no question which must be led to the stable; but dramatic art makes the best of coachmen, so let her keep him on the box, and be driven by him continually.

THE ORGAN-GRINDING NOBLEMAN.

Londoners have long been familiar with Viscount Hinton, the piano-organette grinder. Some years ago he used to have a placard placed in a prominent position on his organ, stating that he was the eldest son of Earl Poulett, but had been disinherited, and was forced to make his living by turning the handle of the aforesaid organette. Even if he were not disinherited, it is questionable whether he would come into the family seat, for it is announced that his father, Lord Poulett, has decided to sell his seat of Hinton St. George, Crewkerne, Somerset. This property was owned in the time of Richard I. by the Powtrel family, who did homage for it to Roger le Bigod, Earl of Norfolk and Marshal of England. For some time it descended in the female line, until Elizabeth Deneband married Sir William Paulet, Knight, early in the fifteenth century. Sir William was the descendant of Hercules, Lord of Tourmon, in Picardy, who came over with Jeffery, Duke of Anjou, third son of Henry II., and took his name, now spelt slightly differently, from a village near Bridgwater. His son Amias was knighted for gallantry at the battle of Newark-upon-Trent, in 1487, and is chiefly responsible for the extensive buildings which form the original of the present mansion, though he himself lived in London, being Treasurer of the Middle Temple. Henry VIII. honoured a Sir Hugh Poulett by making him supervisor of all the property of the attainted Abbot of Glastonbury, while John, grandson of Sir Hugh, who was prominent in the Civil Wars, was created Baron in 1627, by the title of Lord Poulett. The house is not particularly remarkable architecturally, having been built at too many different times, though its castellated façade and long low wings are imposing enough; but the chief distinction of the place consists in its situation. It lies high, and from the village what the Rev John Collinson, in his quaint but good History of Somersetshire, calls "the mountains of Dorsetshire" lie stretched before the spectator, while another point of view shows glimpses of two seas, the English and the Bristol Channels. The living of Hinton St. George, in the gift of the owner of the place, was worth twelve marks in 1292 and is now valued at something under £200 a year. Lord Poulett has been married three times. His first wife, daughter of Mr. Newman, a pilot of Landport, was the mother of Lord Hinton, whose career has been a varied one. At one time he was a clown at the Surrey Theatre, and in 1869, at the age of twenty, he married Miss Ann Sheppey, a ballet-dancer, by whom he has issue. All these are interesting facts, but it is a remarkable thing that in the later editions of some Peerages they have been entirely omitted, and the names of none of Lord Poulett's children are given. After the statement of his marriage his biography curiously ends with the words "and has issue." "Romances of the Peerage," to use the cant phrase, are becoming more than common even in these democratic days, and the story of the Pouletts is as interesting as any.



MISS BLANCHE BARNETT IN "THE LADY SLAVEY," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

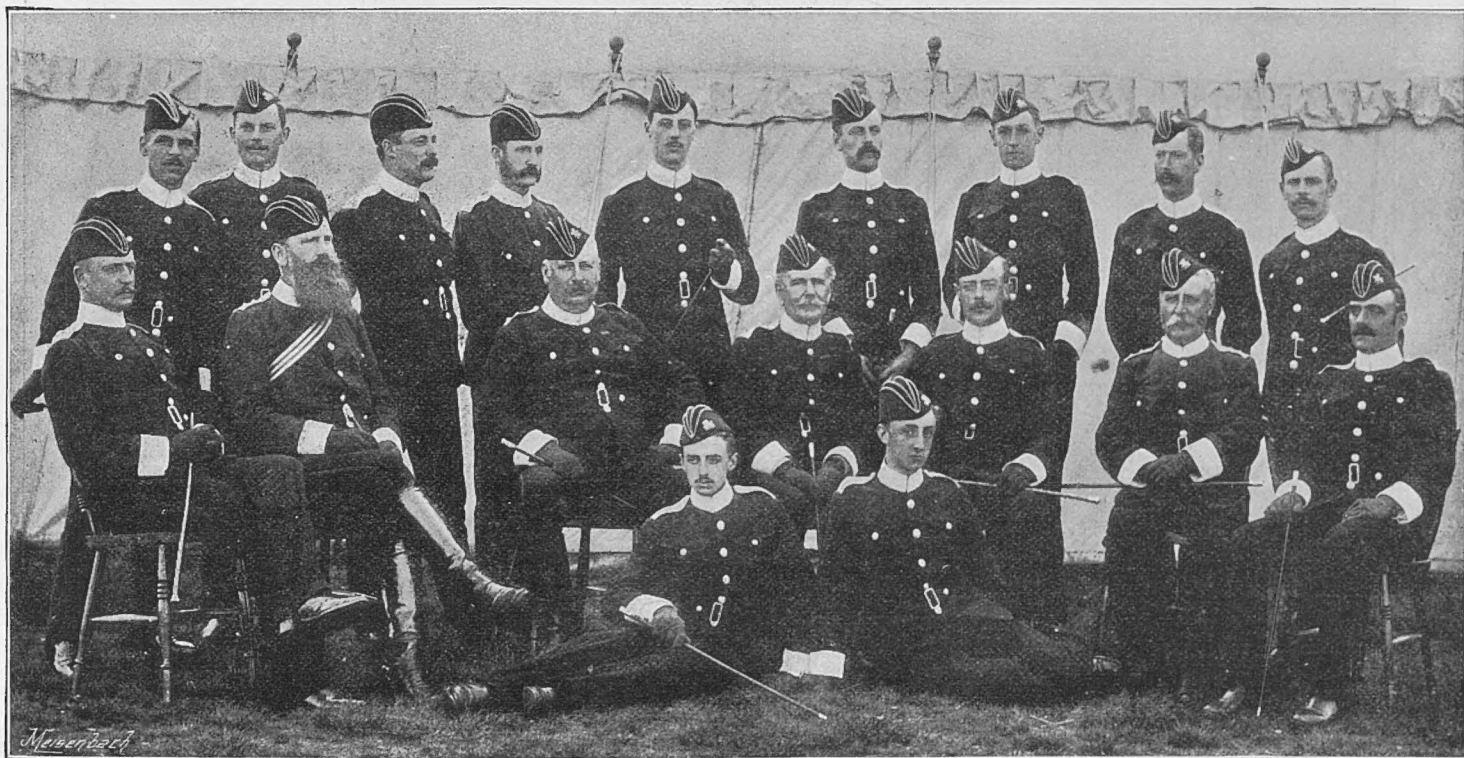
SMALL TALK.

The Queen, as at present arranged, is to leave Windsor for Osborne this week, and will remain in the Isle of Wight for about two months. There is to be a shoot at Osborne next week, in which the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Lord Lorne will participate. There are very extensive covers on the Royal estate, which usually yield about two thousand pheasants, and it is only during the Christmas holidays that any shooting now takes place at Osborne. There are also, during the holidays, to be some tableaux in the Indian Room, and probably a concert.

During the residence of the Court at Windsor, the Queen has received visitors every day, for there were considerable arrears of hospitality to be got through, as it is only at Windsor that her Majesty now issues invitations. To be bidden to the Castle is a thing intrigued for by many, and only those behind the scenes realise the contemptible acts that people who ought to know better are guilty of in order to obtain the coveted "command." It is difficult to understand why well-born and well-bred people should go to all this trouble for what is, after all, a somewhat doubtful pleasure. Beyond the fact of seeing one's name recorded in the Court news of all the morning papers, there can be little else to afford satisfaction. The ordinary visitor holds, practically, no

The best shooting season at Sandringham was that of 1885-6, when the total bag was over 16,000 head, including 7300 pheasants. The best day ever known was Dec. 31, 1885, when ten guns killed 2825 head, including 1285 pheasants.

The epithet "gallant," as applied to "Little Wales," is justified by more than the political struggle into which the Principality has entered with such vigour. The Welshman is an enthusiastic Volunteer, and in the Volunteer Battalion of the South Wales Borderers—the officers of which are here shown—he possesses a corps of great distinction. The battalion consists of eight and a half companies—three at Newport, one and a half at Abergavenny, and one each at Pontypool, Usk, Monmouth, and Blaenavon—the whole showing a maximum strength of 866 men of all ranks and an enrolled strength of 879, all of whom are "efficient." The battalion thus supports thirteen men for whom it gets no capitation grant. There are two notable points about the corps. It has its full complement of officers, with one exception—which is remarkable in these days of dearth of officers. Then its equipment is complete—in the matter of dress, in ambulance, cyclists, and signallers. While nearly every, if not every, other Volunteer battalion can boast of being equipped with great-coat and mess-tin only, the South Wales Borderers have the full valise equipment. Last July they were under canvas at Aldershot, where they were also to be found in



OFFICERS OF THE VOLUNTEER BATTALION OF THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

personal intercourse with the Queen, conversation with her Majesty being limited to the few words she addresses to each of her guests as she passes from the private apartments to the dining-room, and a sentence or two after dinner, when the Queen is on her way back to her own rooms. Conversation at dinner is almost entirely confined to the three or four special celebrities that are certain to be present, and even then only literary, artistic, or scientific subjects are touched upon. In the morning the visitor leaves the Castle directly after breakfast, only ministers and personal favourites being accorded a private audience to take leave of their royal hostess.

The Mausoleum at Frogmore is built on very low ground, and the gorgeous decorations of the interior would long ago have been irretrievably ruined if large fires had not been kept constantly burning. On Friday last it felt more than usually damp and miserable.

Large presents of game, shot in the royal preserves—principally pheasants and hares—are now being distributed by the Lord Steward, and the Queen has sent a wild boar from her herd at Windsor to Sandringham for the Prince of Wales. The Queen's Christmas royal baron of beef is this year to be cut from a beast bred by her Majesty at the Show Farm. The baron is always cooked at Windsor Castle and forwarded to Osborne on Christmas Eve, to be placed in the centre of the sideboard, flanked on either side by the boar's head and famous woodcock pie. The boar's head is always sent as a present to the Queen by some of the royal relations in Germany.

The Prince of Wales and his guests, who included the Duke of Coburg, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, had some first-rate sport at Sandringham last week, over 10,000 pheasants having been reared there this year.

1887, during the Jubilee review, and in 1892. The present efficiency of the battalion is in no small measure due to Colonel Browne, V.C., who was its adjutant during 1881-6, and who is now in command of the second battalion of the Borderers.

A cynical person is reported to have said that the football player of to-day should include in his training a course of ambulance work. This, at any rate, is the football season, and, sure enough, an excellent manual on ambulance has just appeared (Charles Griffin and Co., Limited) from the pen of Dr. J. Scott Riddell, assistant-surgeon at the Aberdeen Royal Infirmary. Aberdeen, strange to say, far away as it is, has turned out two men notable in the history of ambulance education in this country. One of them, Surgeon-Major Peter Shepherd (who was killed in the Zulu War), wrote a little book that has become famous as the first popular manual of the subject, and he and Dr. James Cantlie, now of Hong Kong, were the first to give instruction to the London police force. Dr. Riddell has written a new manual that is clear, concise, and profusely illustrated. It is, in fact, a capital example of the growing usefulness of the photographer, for it is furnished with a great many full-page illustrations, taken from photographs, of how a patient should be treated. The hideous diagrams of the older manuals were dull and uninteresting. These give the subject a note of actuality that is very much up to date.

The Ballad Concerts are, to quote a famous phrase, in a state of suspended animation. The last of each series prior to Christmas has taken place at St. James's and Queen's Halls respectively. What has been proved by this rivalry is that there are plenty of patrons for both, for the halls have had enthusiastic and crowded audiences at every concert so far. Besides, the existence of two series is good for the musical profession, which has provided lately quite a number of new singers at the Ballad Concerts.

Lady Ida Sitwell, Lord Londesborough's daughter, does not let the grass grow beneath her feet. Last year she organised a series of tableaux at Scarborough, which were fully illustrated in these pages, and this year she got up a second series. The scenes represented varied from the classic repose of Sir Frederick Leighton's picture "The Invocation," to the *chicness* of Yum-Yum from "The Mikado." One of



Photo by Sarony, Scarborough.

TABLEAUX AT SCARBOROUGH: "THE MAN IN THE MOON."

the most charming tableaux was a three-act story entitled "I'm in Love with the Man in the Moon," and represented by Master Jim Pratt-Barlow and Miss Blanche Richardson. The first scene showed the moon in one of her quarters high above the stage, with Master Pratt-Barlow reclining on the concave outline, while Miss Richardson appeared as a mortal on *terra firma* casting longing glances to the object of her admiration. In the second scene the little maiden had, somehow, joined her consort in the lunar orb. The third tableau revealed the pair on the stage, when Miss Richardson gave a graceful dance. Another fine picture, "When the World was Young" (Sir F. Leighton), displayed Miss Fairfax and Miss D. Darley idly lolling on the ground, in the pastime of "five-stones," while Lady Ida Sitwell, their companion, watched the game with evident interest. The tableaux were a distinct success.

I was at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, last Saturday week, when Mr. Irving produced "A Story of Waterloo" for the first time in Cottonopolis. As a rule the provincial theatre-goers can give their London brethren a long start and a good beating in the matter of enthusiasm, but on this occasion they broke their own record. I have never seen greater enthusiasm in an English theatre. "The Lyons Mail" was almost as well received, and when, between the acts, Miss Ellen Terry was espied in a box, the enthusiasm ran riot until she had bowed her acknowledgments. There were two extra rows of stalls, and London prices were the order of the night, but breathing-room was at a premium. When the curtain fell Mr. Irving came to the footlights and thanked one and all for the affectionate greeting he had received. He said he was glad that they liked "A Story of Waterloo," because it would call the attention of those in authority to the existence in our midst of destitute Crimean veterans, who were to be found in many places. A voice from among the gods cried out that there were several in the town, but Mr. Irving gracefully dismissed the interruption by saying he was sure that Manchester would, when called upon, do what was right. It was a pleasant, unaffected, yet tactful speech, and was a fit termination to a very enjoyable evening.

I have made a discovery, and the credit of it is due to the young man who does the alliterations for the contents-bills of the *Morning Advertiser*.

I had noted, with my nearest approach to a sneer, "Japanese Joyous," "Tom-Toms at Tokio," and was just about to turn away when I read "Sellon sues Sedger." Feeling it was my duty to support the gentleman whom a friend of mine once called "The Swinburne of the Placards," I bought a copy of the paper. There I found that the Mr. Sellon who is, or rather, was, suing the lessee of the Lyric is the gentleman who wrote a piece called "Mirza," produced in the early part of this year at the Opéra Comique. The play's initial performance gave rise to more mirth than the average writer of burlesque dare ever hope for. Brethren of the quill met me between the acts, and we laughed until we were compelled to support one another. There was a weird and wonderful dance in "Mirza," danced by the heroine, whose name I have forgotten, and this dance was, in all respects, as funny as the play itself. We all laughed and chuckled until the curtain fell, and a party of us wended clubwards, saying how splendidly we had been amused. And when I read the next day's papers, I found, to my extreme horror, that "Mirza" was a serious dramatic effort, purporting to be intense and soulful. It was left to the *Morning Advertiser* to teach me the name of the gentleman to whom I acknowledge myself indebted for a couple of hilarious hours.

À propos of Miss Calhoun, who is to appear in the new play at the Garrick, and of whom I wrote two weeks ago, a correspondent reminds me that in 1890 she was seen in "Judah" at the Shaftesbury, where, under Mr. Willard's management, she succeeded Miss Olga Brandon and preceded Miss Emery in the rôle of the fascinating Vashti Dethic.

All parties concerned, and, perhaps, Transatlantic playgoers most of all, are to be congratulated upon the arrangement by virtue of which Mr. Henry Neville will be one of Mr. Tree's chief comrades on the Haymarket actor-manager's American expedition. This will not be Mr. Neville's first professional visit to the United States, for he went out there some four years back, and played for months with great success his original part of Captain Temple in Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris's Drury Lane drama, "Human Nature," which for its reproduction in Boston, Massachusetts, was rechristened "The Soudan."

I have had for many years a profound admiration for Mr. Henry Neville, perhaps the most manly and chivalrous stage hero that ever trod the boards; and certainly the advance of time, while it has slightly changed his physical proportions, has not in the least impaired his superb histrionic method. Mr. Neville's last part but one is that of Frank Drummond in "A Woman's Revenge," with which he has been touring for some little time, and in this his performance of the stirring trial scene is on a par with his best efforts in bygone days. Both on the stage and off, alike as juvenile lead, director of a successful dramatic academy, and private individual, Mr. Henry Neville is a type of the gallant Englishman. His appearance as Villiers, the American journalist, in "The Red Lamp," a part originally played by Mr. Charles Sugden, was one of the most interesting features of the recent Haymarket *matinées*.

There is no knowing whether the latter-day passion for scientific investigation may not lead us. For instance, I read that a Michigan



Miss Darley.

Lady Ida Sitwell.

Photo by Sarony, Scarborough.
Miss Fairfax.

TABLEAUX AT SCARBOROUGH: "WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG."

man, named Alfred Warthin, had, to his own satisfaction at least, established the theory that the music of Wagner is fraught with hypnotic influence. According to Mr. Warthin, that thrilling "Ride of the Valkyrie" causes perspiration, while "Tannhäuser" induces sleep. Perhaps he will tell us the effects of a course of Sullivan and Verdi.

There is undoubtedly a good deal of apprehension in dramatic circles about the possible effect of the correspondence in the *Times*, and the leading article in that journal with regard to the "modern society play." The *Times* has given the weight of its authority to the opinion of people who hold that sexual questions should be banished from our stage, and it is conceivable that when the Examiner of Plays has before him a new drama touching those questions he will refuse to license it. Yet there is nothing to warrant such a reactionary step except the most foolish and illogical outcry, backed by an article in the old contemptuous style with which the editorial genius of Printing House Square has always treated the theatre.

The writer rebukes playwrights and actors for the "cant about the ethical lessons" of the stage, and points out that pieces which profess to deal with the realities of life are often in glaring contradiction to all actual experience. That is true, and a play of which this can be said is a bad play. But why should the existence of bad plays be an argument for interdicting the realities of life altogether? The *Times* is forced to admit that great tragedy handles some very painful elements of human nature; but, then, great tragedy has "inevitableness," and even Mr. Pinero's masterpiece, we are told, has not. Would Aubrey Tanqueray have married Paula? The *Times* thinks he would not, and therefore condemns their tragedy. Now this is a pretty sort of hint to give to the Examiner of Plays. That functionary is to ask himself whether the Aubrey Tanquerays would do what the dramatist says they did; and if Mr. Pigott does not take this view he is to refuse the licence! That is the logical upshot of the argument. Was ever anything more absurd? Would any tyranny be more intolerable? It is no part of Mr. Pigott's business to say whether any piece submitted to him is good or bad in the artistic sense. That is for other people to determine, and the idea of the Censor prohibiting the performance of a tragedy which he does not consider sufficiently "inevitable" is simply ludicrous.

If it were true, as the *Times* says, that the stage has been overrun by women "with a past"—an absurd exaggeration on the face of it—this monotony of one theme would carry its own penalty. The public would weary of that story, and demand a change. But the public may be left to settle this point for themselves. The really serious aspect of the agitation started by the *Times* is that it is a manifest attempt to intimidate authors and managers, and to throw the drama back into the rut of unintelligent commonplace, out of which there was some prospect of eventually raising it.

I cannot resist reproducing one of Mr. J. F. Bennet's clever Christmas cards to which allusion was made in these pages quite recently.



Notwithstanding the sneers of those up-to-date critics and playgoers who consider Lord Lytton's "Money" old-fashioned and artificial, the play has a wonderful vitality, as the run of it just finishing at the Garrick amply proves. The revival has passed its century, and will certainly be memorable for the admirable impersonation of Evelyn by Mr. Forbes Robertson. The part is decidedly a priggish one, and in my experience—a tolerably long one—the prig has never been so little in evidence. I wonder what Phelps made of the part. I was not aware till the other day that he had ever played it; but some very interesting old playbills which recently came into my possession gave me the information.

At Sadler's Wells, in January, 1848 (eight years after the play was written), Mr. Phelps produced "Money," by permission of "Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart." The manager, as I have said, played Evelyn, Mr. H. Mellon was the Groves, Mrs. Marston Lady Franklin, and Miss Laura Addison Clara Douglas. It is rather curious to learn that the evening's entertainment concluded with a "Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled 'Little Great Britain; or, Jack and the Beanstalk and the Ogre's Golden Hen.'"

This mixture of drama and burlesque seems to have been popular, for an old Lyceum bill gives as its first item a comedy, "Our New Governess," by Shirley Brooks, followed by an operatic burlesque of "Cinderella," in which figure the honoured names of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley and Mr. Alfred Wigan. In the cast, too, is the name of Miss Fairbrother, who executed a dance, "showing that ladies may wear the breeches gracefully—before marriage." Miss Fairbrother was the lady who, as all the world knows, was privately married to the Duke of Cambridge, and died honoured and respected but a few years ago.

Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White," which I well remember made a considerable stir, did not create half the sensation in society that the notorious "Woman in Black" has achieved. At a dinner-party in Kensington the other evening, I found half the ladies terrified at the idea of afternoon shopping in the district, and one young lady thrilled her audience—or, at any rate, the female portion of it—by her graphic description of the manner in which she was followed in South Kensington by a small, pale-faced woman in black garments and a black hat, who persistently dogged her footsteps, her right hand thrust suspiciously into the front of her jacket. This intrepid young lady, feeling very uncomfortable, turned boldly round and confronted her pursuer, who, hearing other footsteps approach, disappeared in the comparatively dark recesses of The Boltons. There will be a great sigh of feminine relief when the police can report the capture of the "Woman in Black."

I understand that Miss Emily Soldene, the *prima donna* who has turned journalist, intends to visit England in March. She will find the theatrical world sadly changed since she left it.

The sale catalogues of postage stamps are becoming as elaborate as those devoted to the enumeration of works of art. The catalogue of a sale which took place a few days since at the Café Monico contained descriptions of individual stamps such as one is accustomed to see attached to the work of some great master in a catalogue of Christie's. The most interesting item in this particular list was a rare specimen of an English penny stamp, which was affixed to an envelope post-marked Dec. 21, 1852, an envelope that bears on its corner the historic signature of "W. E. Gladstone," and is entirely addressed in the handwriting of the G. O. M. This stamp is rouletted in a peculiar fashion, and it is probable, as experiments in perforation and rouletting were then being made by the Government, that the stamp in question had been issued on trial to its members. Mr. Gladstone, it will be remembered, held office in the year in question. The envelope is addressed to a member of Parliament.

Cattle Show week is very interesting to me. I watch with keen pleasure the wild-fowl who come up from the country to paint our good old Metropolis red. In the evenings I like to look in at half-a-dozen places of amusement and listen to the conversation, pitched in a tone loud enough for all to hear. How many men come to town in Cattle Show week with pockets full of gold and bank-notes, and crawl back at the end of the time lucky in the possession of a return ticket! There is no small amusement to be obtained in watching these country pigeons fluttering round the quarters of the town hawks, for, in spite of their swagger, their flash clothes, and their money, a large proportion of our visitors may be likened to pigeons. They fall every year into the hands of the immaculate hawks, whose dwelling-place is in the West, who live upon their debts and their friends. The night clubs are also great sights just now, for it is in these select haunts that most of the fleecing is done. A funny aspect of the business is that no lesson can have any effect upon certain of our countrymen. They come up to town, and are plucked clean: they slink back abashed for a few days, and when you meet them a month later they will descant on the glorious time they had in town, and say how eagerly they are looking forward to the next visit. Such men are past praying for.

The sale of the library of the late Mr. Edmund Yates will arouse considerable interest in literary and dramatic circles; it is to take place at Messrs. Sotheby's towards the end of January. Dickens naturally is strongly represented, for perhaps of all writers of fiction Mr. Yates admired him most, and there were few, probably, who had enjoyed a closer personal friendship with him. The copies of the "Tale of Two Cities," "The Un-Commercial Traveller," and "Great Expectations" were all presented to Mr. Yates by the author, and have autograph inscriptions. There is also the writing-slope, which will be included in the first day's sale. The engraved silver plate on it tells its own tale: "This desk, which belonged to Charles Dickens, and was used by him on the day of his death, was one of the familiar objects of his study which were ordered by his will to be distributed amongst those who loved him, and was accordingly given by his executrix to Edmund Yates." A selection of the letters from Dickens to Yates, written between 1854 and 1870, will also be sold; they are thirty-four in number, and are mounted in an album. These are but a few of the items which will be offered at the forthcoming sale.

THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY.

Prince Hohenlohe delivered his inaugural speech in the Reichstag as Chancellor of Germany yesterday week, and during the intervening days his declaration of policy has been the subject of comment throughout Europe. Quite recently I had the good fortune to be able to see him in private life, for I found him dining one day in the Hôtel Bristol, in Berlin, with his son. Considering that a Reichskanzler in the Fatherland is always an important, if not a sacred, being, it is regarded a



Photo by Schaarwachter, Berlin.

Chlodwig Hohenlohe

very extraordinary compliment even to breathe the same oxygen, and an exceptional fortune to bathe in the sunshine of his favour. Yet both were vouchsafed me.

If, according to the old proverb, "a man answers to his fame," Prince Chlodwig Hohenlohe-Schillingfürst could tell much. We are all familiar with his successful career in the Bavarian Ministry, and but for his circular letter of April 9, 1869, which is said to have been written under the influence of Dr. Döllinger, and directed to Bavaria's representatives abroad, concerning the Catholic Church, but which was rejected by Prince Bismarck at the time, he might have continued indefinitely to guide the destinies of Bavaria. Had Bismarck, at the time, accepted his advice on the question, he would have spared himself the trouble of the Falk laws, and the subsequent humiliation of the Kulturkampf. Undaunted, however, by this failure, Prince Hohenlohe ever advocated Bavaria's joining the North German Federation, and, shortly after the Franco-Prussian War, Bismarck sent him to Paris to succeed the unfortunate Count Harry von Arnim.

With consummate skill he guided Germany's interests in France, not an easy task in those days. However, his ancient lineage, great wealth, and suave disposition, together with a very pliable patience, gave him every advantage and personal prestige. His services as Viceroy of Alsace-Lorraine finally completed the long list of his political achievements, covering almost half a century. With a keen sense of right and wrong, and a perfect knowledge of human nature, he was enabled to bring order out of chaos—for the coquetry of his predecessor, General Manteuffel, with the clericals and aristocratic element of old Elsass had thrown the rank and file of the people into a state of chaos.

The Prince soon turned the ship of state into smooth waters, and after a few years he had secured the attention, the respect, and the confidence of the people. His rule in Alsace-Lorraine was one of honest endeavour, always just and frequently generous. His house was ever open to all. From his private secretary I learn that the simple peasant received as much attention as the banker or Bürgermeister, and it was

quite touching to see the Prince patiently listening to the woful tales of female petitioners. His equable temper is largely due to his fortunate domestic relations. The Princess, a daughter of the house of Sayn-Wittgenstein, has always made his home a paradise, and in the refined circle of his family his disposition has become kind and conciliatory.

The frost of seventy-five winters has bleached his scant crop of hair, and his body, which is small and delicate, appears scarcely able to cope with the great task before him. There is an indefinable something in his repose which attracts the attention. Phrenologically, he seems an open secret. The broad, high, and full forehead clearly indicates a copious, well-balanced mind under masterly control. There is also an uncommonly wide space between the eyes, another proof of considerable sagacity. No irregular feature mars the gentle expression which stamps his philosophic face. Under well-defined but normal brows, his eyes have a contemplative—I might say, religious—depth, with a truthfulness at once inviting and reassuring. If anything, the eye looks a trifle receptive, slow, and mentally calculative; deep furrows seam his brow. His voice is quiet, a trifle heavy, and he speaks with measured precision. Neither enthusiasm nor emotion characterises his speech; it is brief and pregnant. Even on the occasion of a recent dinner in a *chambre séparée*, in the company of his son and the present Viceroy of Alsace-Lorraine, when I was permitted to be present for a few minutes, the sudden arrival of a royal courier, one of the Emperor's *Leibjäger*, who came with a large official envelope addressed to him, did not appear to disturb his contemplative mind. The letter, by the way, was written in the Emperor's own bold penmanship, and began, "Mein lieber Oheim." More than this it would be indelicate to disclose. This only goes to prove the exceeding friendly relation between the Emperor and the new Viceroy. In turn, this leads me to state a fact hitherto unknown. The Emperor first offered the Chancellorship to Baron Brunsart von Schellendorf, the Minister of War. He declined it on account of his friendship for Bismarck, who, as he claimed, would always criticise the Government if differing with his opinions. Then the Emperor



Photo by Andersen and Klemm, Stuttgart.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE-LANGENBERG, GOVERNOR OF ALSACE-LORRAINE.

appointed the present Chancellor on the advice of Prince Hohenlohe-Langenberg.

The present Chancellor has a decided, albeit not an aggressive temperament. Nor will he be able to weather Parliamentary storms as England's great Commoner has done at the same time of life. He is sure to practise his wonted habits of diplomacy, and put forward his trusted "right hand," Baron von Köller, who knows his style and policy, to face an inharmonious Reichstag. As Reichskanzler, in the Wilhelm Strasse he is likely to hold a brilliant court. The salary of his present office is a mere drop in the bucket of his needs. He has great wealth, which consists partly of valuable estates in Franconia, Upper Bavaria, and Austria. He also possesses vast tracts of valuable land in the districts of Kowno and Minsk in the government of Warsaw, one-third of which was disposed of a few years ago at a sacrifice for ten million roubles (about £1,000,000). Yet his daily life is as simple as that of any modest citizen. He loves a good table, however, and is never without his Mocha, which he brews himself when away from home.

Of the many stories told at his expense, the following may not be without a moral. When the map of Central Europe was recast at the Vienna Congress after the Napoleonic wars, the vast Hohenlohe possessions were to be parcelled. Part of them lying in Würtemberg, King Karl requested the head of the house of Hohenlohe to submit the patent of his nobility for examination. To this the Prince replied by letter as follows: "I am not able to submit a diploma of our title, but I append a few documents, which, I venture to hope, may answer the purpose." The documents were, first, a description of a *tournee* in the fifteenth century, when a Count Hohenlohe threw a Count Würtemberg; second, an old document describing the wedding of a Countess Hohenlohe, with a Count Würtemberg carrying her train; and, lastly, a certificate of indebtedness by a Count of Würtemberg to a Count of Hohenlohe.

Another distinguished member of the great Hohenlohe family is the present Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, Prince Hohenlohe-Langenberg. He is about sixty-three years old, but he carries himself quite buoyantly. Though a Bavarian by birth, he does not possess the North German temperament, and he favours English dress. As a rule, his face betrays no feeling, and continues expressionless to the casual observer. Heavy eyelids cause the eyes to appear even a trifle phlegmatic, but it does not hide the excited gleam which shoots through his luminaries at the object of his anger. In repose, the face appears not without a touch of amiability, frequently accompanied by a diplomatic smile, but, on the least provocation, all this changes into nervous anger and conscious authority, not without a touch of conceit.

The Prince is closely related to the present German Empress, is brother-in-law of the Grand Duke of Baden, and connected by marriage with a dozen other princes. He assisted in the unification of Germany, and supported the pretensions of Prussia, appearing in the first Reichstag with the Unionist party, and becoming President of the Committee on Colonial matters. Since 1882 he has taken part, though but slightly, in the legislation of Germany; but the present Emperor has found it desirable to solicit his advice on many of the burning questions since Bismarck's resignation. His military career dates back to 1847, with distinguished service in the wars of 1859, 1866, and the last Franco-Prussian unpleasantness.

The Prince is very wealthy, possessing large estates in Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Prussia. He lives without ostentation, and much like an English country gentleman. When at home, and that is chiefly in Langenberg, he often mixes with the peasantry on his estate, and it is even said that once in a while he also spends an hour with them in the village Kneipe, drinking his mug of Pilsner "like a sturdy son of the Fatherland."

C. FRANK DEWEY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

There is quite a little controversy going on about the "discovery" of authors. It is raised by Mr. Grant Allen's modest claim that he "discovered" George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson, not to speak of some other authors. George Meredith published his first book more than forty years ago, and its merit was immediately recognised by such critics as W. M. Rossetti and others. "The Shaving of Shagpat," which came a few years later, was enthusiastically reviewed by no less a personage than George Eliot. In fact, Mr. Meredith has always had the enthusiastic appreciation of the best and most influential minds. It was the steady pressure of their opinion that at last induced an incurious public to look into Mr. Meredith's claims. As for Robert Louis Stevenson, I am inclined to think that the first distinct and authoritative recognition he received was from Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, but others, especially in Scotland, marked the power of the young writer. I will not undertake to say that Mr. Grant Allen has not done something to increase the popular appreciation both of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Stevenson; even that, however, is a generous concession.

Mr. John Davidson has at last obtained the success for which he has toiled so heroically and waited so long. I hear that his new book of poems is selling well. It was helped by an allusion in one of Archdeacon Farrar's sermons in Westminster Abbey. It should be known that the novel which Mr. Davidson is about to publish was written two years ago. I understand that he has several commissions on hand.

It appears that Mr. Stanley Weyman received from America last year over £2000. I expect there are very few English authors who can make a similar boast.

Irrelevance can be a thing to be grateful for. The well-known translator, Mrs. Clara Bell, has put into English a charming Dutch fairy-tale for children, or for anyone else, by Dr. Frederick van Eeden—an allegorical fairy-tale, delicate, subtle, and poetical, "Little Johannes" (Heinemann). It is a fairy-tale of a quite modern kind; the pedigree of its family is very short. And why it should have a learned introduction at all is not easy to see. But Mr. Lang has written one. It has nothing to do with "Little Johannes," being a history of fairy-tales from the beginning of time, but it is delightful to read, very instructive, and, in short, its irrelevance is abundantly justified.

Very appropriately the introduction to the new "Cranford" edition of "Gulliver's Travels" (Macmillan) is written by Mr. Henry Craik. Mr. Craik's "Life of Swift" has been supplemented by others, as well as recently revised by himself, but it is on the whole not only the most learned but the most human of all the biographical accounts of the unaccountable genius. He uses the space allotted to him here for his preface in examining and describing the incidents and traits in Swift's life and character that might have driven him to write such a book. In this, as in all the prefaces to the Cranford Series, you scent good literature. Mr. Brock is the illustrator of the book, and his pictures are vigorous and original.

Whether one's thoughts run on Christmas gift-books just now or on additions to one's own permanent library, the knowledge that there now exists a portable, slightly, creditably edited, and complete edition of Scott's poems will be equally welcome. Mr. Logie Robertson is the editor, and the Oxford Press have sent out the volume. They have previously sent out Shakspeare and Longfellow in the same form. May they do the same for all the poets between the dates and ranks of these two!

For the benefit of the multitudes of children who may still have the pleasure of perusing "Little Women" before them, I gladly call attention to an excellent edition just published by W. H. Allen and Co. To recommend Miss L. M. Alcott's popular books at this time of day would be supererogation, for most grown-up people have transferred their vivid recollection of the joys and sorrows of that clever little family, comprising the inimitable Jo, sweet-tempered Beth, conceited, wayward Amy, helpful, reliable Meg, and all the other characters, to those who are growing up. Suffice it to say that the six-shilling volume which Messrs. Allen have just issued contains a wood engraving of the authoress and more than two hundred illustrations, and that, with "Little Women" there is also bound up "Little Women Married," which, contrary to the general rule, is a successful sequel to the book which made Miss Alcott beloved and admired in two continents.

Those who have still to make acquaintance with Mrs. Cotes's (Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan) stories may take up her newest, "Vernon's Aunt" (Chatto), confidently. It will amuse them, this tale of the good Littlehampton spinster, president of the local Dorcas Society, and leader in all parish good works, who set off to visit her nephew in India without warning him of her coming. But to those who know her previous work it must be said the story is bound to be a disappointment. If she would but give her invention a little rest, with her bright wit and ready pen she might get a good deal further.

Under the title of "The Ideal City" (London: Simpkin), that social pioneer, Canon Barnett, sketches a possible picture of what a city ought to be. Its population should not exceed half a million, by preference it should be a seaport, and its inhabitants should take a keen interest in the welfare of one another. It is a noble dream, with special application to Bristol, the author's new sphere of work. The expenditure of one penny will purchase this booklet, which ought to set many wheels of thought in motion.

The author of "Tim," that refined and sensitive picture of child-life which won the hearts of many sympathetic readers when it appeared a year or two ago, has gone to a very different kind of life and character for his new story, "All that was Possible" (Osgood). But he reveals just the same qualities that touched one's emotions in "Tim." Again he attempts the refined portrayal of suffering in a reticent and sensitive nature. It is a kind of "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" story, but the heroines, who find it so hard, so impossible, in fact, to reinstate themselves in life after their false step, are of very different natures. The Sybil of Mr. Sturgis's book, an ex-actress, has far less brilliancy and devilry. You are asked to believe in a more tender, more intellectual nature, shut out from the society of her equals by a past that has not soiled her. There is something distinctly original in the *dénouement* of the story, which, nevertheless, wins interest, not at all by its strength or originality as a whole, but rather by the refinement with which it touches a difficult theme, and the fearlessness and fair-mindedness which are just as conspicuous as the refinement. The author showed before that he knew the inside of a child's mind; now he has proved he knows a woman's. He has an understanding which some better novelists sadly lack.

Mrs. Gamlin, who wrote "The Memoirs of Lady Hamilton," with great kindness to her subject, has lately published, through Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, "George Romney and his Art." The book might well be bought for its excellent photogravure reproductions of eighteen of Romney's portraits, but Mrs. Gamlin's part in it is very creditable. It is as amiable as her former biography, though her skill as an advocate has not been put to an equal test, and it is the most readable account of the painter I know of.

O. O.

YVETTE GUILBERT: HER RETURN TO THE EMPIRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

On the first night of "Don Juan" no sooner was the last verse of "Linger Longer Lucy" over than we knew that another terror had been added to life. I do not mean to suggest that in its way the song lacks merit. Indeed, it really has much easy prettiness; but it was certain

away further, do." Now, however, we are reconciled to the song and forgive it sincerely, for on Saturday night Yvette Guilbert sang it, and she has been singing it ever since. It can hardly be said that even her gifts could make it appear a masterpiece, yet the result was fascinating. There is not very much in it, perhaps, and no effect was made by turning it into French, as was done in the case of "Little Johnny and his Sister Sue," to give point to the somewhat sickly-sentimental words. Nevertheless its emptiness ceased to be irritating, and everybody was delighted.

The power of an artist to take a stale song and give new life to it seems startling. One is disposed to ask what is the secret of the charm. It is not the quality of the singer's voice, which certainly is not of the first class, though it is very pleasing and well trained. It is not her beauty; some have even called her plain, and put her at the best as *une laide charmeuse*, to borrow a term invented, I believe, by Voltaire; yet, for my part, I think she has beauty—curious, troubling beauty, which makes me think of a line of Bacon's that I misquote from memory: "There is no great beauty without some strangeness in it." It is not skill in pantomime, for although she is less restrained than of old, she is far more reticent than most of our music-hall singers. What is it, then, that enables her to fascinate thousands of people who cannot understand the tongue, in which she sings? The only answer one can give to the question is no answer at all; to say that she has this power because she has genius is to give as little knowledge as to say that a stone falls because of the force of gravity. However, it is as certain she has genius as that a stone will fall, and it seems hardly possible to grow weary of her singing.

M.

A SOUVENIR.

That was Yvette. The blithe *Ambassadeurs*
Glitters, this Sunday of the *Fête des Fleurs*;
Here are the flowers too—living flowers, that blow
A night or two before the odours go;
And all the flowers of all the city ways
Are laughing with Yvette this day of days.
Laugh with Yvette? But I must first forget
Before I laugh that I have heard Yvette.
For the flowers fade before her: see, the light
Dies out of that poor cheek, and leaves it white;
And a chill shiver takes me as she sings
The pity of unpitied human things—
A woe beyond all weeping, tears that trace
The very wrinkles of the last grimace. ARTHUR SYMONS.



that its very quality would promptly cause it to go "round the town," and be repeated *ad nauseam* in a hundred forms and places. Our gloomy anticipation was well founded, and one came, mentally, to utter to the first strain each time it was heard the title of an extinct terror, "Get



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

AN APPRECIATION.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is scarcely seven-and-twenty, and young to be a reformer. But something of a reformer she is, and although her following is already immense, she may yet have to wait a short while before her modesty in holding the mirror up to nature is perfectly understood of the people. It was the same with Eleonora Duse when first she came into our midst. The unaccustomed quietness of her method made first one and then another ask, "Is this acting?" A good many determined, that, after all, a woman who neither stormed, raved, tore her hair, nor raised her voice above its natural pitch could be no actress. But with her second season a reaction set in, and Duse reigned triumphant.

One of the most distinguished critics of the day has compared the talent of Mrs. Patrick Campbell with that of the Italian actress. He speaks of her genius as great and unobtrusive. And unobtrusive is the very word to apply to her. Whatever she may say or do, she is unobtrusive, and her best effects are obtained without the least semblance of effort. Of all the actresses I have personally known she is the most modest. When the occasion needs it, she really desires to subordinate her part for the good of her fellow actors. Only to quote one instance, we may remind those who followed the gambling scene in "The Masqueraders" of what inestimable value to Mr. George Alexander as David Remon was her self-effacement in a scene where, struggling for prominence, she would have ruined the acting chances of the two men who were staking their all on a willing, half-unwilling victim.

Eight years ago Mrs. Campbell, then a very young and timid girl, first felt her wings as an amateur, and took part—I think it was at Nerwood—in some theatricals for the benefit of a charity. Her promise was even then extraordinary. Nothing was expected of her; but no sooner had she shown her shy and lovely face, and spoken her words in that same piquant, pretty fashion which some people now insist is Italian, but which I am convinced is simply Mrs. Patrick Campbell, than everyone agreed, "Here are the makings of a great actress!" Strange to say, her talent for music fought for mastery with her talent for the stage. Staying with a friend in Paris at the age of fifteen, she studied the piano under a great master for the space of only three months, yet so keen was her instinct that even in so short a time she learnt to play like a finished artist. With what exquisite grace she interpreted a few fragments from Schubert in the second act of Pinero's play will now be well remembered. I once heard Mr. George Bernard Shaw declare in public, in his own peculiar way, that he was so disgusted with the third act of "Mrs. Tanqueray" that he would have left the theatre but for the chance of hearing Mrs. Campbell play on the piano once again.

It is not surprising that the more brilliant career of an actress proved in the end an irresistible attraction to the imaginative girl.

Her subsequent successes are now a matter of history; how she appeared with Mr. Ben Greet's company in the provinces, to win all hearts as Rosalind, and was engaged at the Adelphi Theatre before her fate was decided for the time being by Mrs. George Alexander, who, sent by her husband to discover whether another actress playing in the same cast would be likely to prove a prize as Pinero's heroine, returned home triumphant, with the assurance that a prize she had found—but in Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mr. Alexander forthwith went to the Adelphi, and decided that his wife's enthusiasm was perfectly justified.

At the rehearsals of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," the new actress, I am told, did not give out all her powers until the famous day when she begged of Mr. Pinero "to go up and sit alone in the dress-circle, and she would show him what she could do." Her reading was then the revelation to the author it proved on the first night to perhaps the most genuinely enthusiastic audience ever assembled within the walls of a London theatre. At the end of all things, after Pinero had been overwhelmed with acclamations, her admirers clamoured for Paula Tanqueray to show her face once again before the curtain. The ovation which greeted her was one which she never can forget. And no one admitted more generously all that the play owed to her rendering of the principal part than the author himself.

Who is content nowadays without learning something of the personality in private life of the actress he most delights to honour? "Mrs. Pat," as she is called by those who know her intimately, is not very willing to gratify the curiosity of the world at large. Never was an actress more reticent, more dignified. She has eluded the interviewer, and escaped from the crowds who gather to see her in the hall of any theatre she may be happening to visit as one of the audience. At Private Views—those very public views—where other leading ladies are wont to foregather in all the bravery of gay attire, she rarely shows herself. In society, notwithstanding her dislike to "crowds," she is made to shine. Her perfect breeding, her natural, easy manner, and a very taking little air of decision, win her admiration wherever she may go. Small malices and envies she knows not; her judgments are just and generous. To speak flatteringly of her sister actresses for the sake of appearing good-natured she would scorn. But she is good-natured, and her criticisms are as sincere as kind.

Mrs. Campbell lives in a pretty flat in Ashley Gardens, surrounded by pictures, books, and the many gifts of many friends. Her husband, who is naturally very proud of her, takes the keenest of interest in her work. Her two little children, a boy and a girl, are her constant companions.

To dogmatise on talent such as hers in no easy task. Elaborate

devices, tricks, and ingenuities are unknown to her. She is simplicity its very self.

In the part of Kate Cloud in "John-a-Dreams" she has few opportunities for the display of light and shade, or of the irresistible humour she can command. But if you watch her you are rested by her repose. You will see that in her great scene she scarcely moves a finger. Yet how deeply you are stirred by the charm of that indescribably sweet and tender voice, those dark uplifted eyes, that matchless word-painting. Let he who could doubt her powers as an actress of tragic parts mark the very passion of wounded pride, the nobility of her scorn, as she turns on Harold Wynn with the words, "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" In these lines she is absolutely majestic.

This same gift of word-painting, her classic grace and poetic appearance, should make her, in my humble opinion, the most distinguished Shaksperian actress of our time.

One strange elusive quality she possesses which defies analysis. She can be beautiful, or not, at will. As Paula Reay she was called a fascinating, a wonderful, never a beautiful woman. As Dulcie Laronie she wished to be beautiful, and she was. In "John-a-Dreams" she is again very fair to see; but the face is a different one. And when for a few nights at Dublin she played "Lady Windermere," it struck her that for this part she must banish all intellectuality from her forehead and eyes. The mind, somehow, vanished. Here was the mild, inexperienced gaze, the childish, drooping mouth of an Italian Madonna.

Much has been written about Mrs. Campbell's great personality. But she is besides a truly great artist. Other actresses are admirable in their simulating of sorrow or gladness. This actress is sorrow itself; is gladness itself.

X.

THE SURINAM TOADS.

The year 1894 will mark an epoch in the history of the Reptile House in the Zoological Gardens. First we had the King Cobras, and scarcely had the interest in these fierce serpents died away when the Boa developed cannibal habits, and attracted hosts of visitors all anxious to see the snake that had swallowed his cage-mate. Now, owing to the kindness of Mr. F. E. Blaauw, C.M.Z.S., who has presented ten Surinam Toads to the Society, visitors have an opportunity of making acquaintance with these strange amphibians, the first of their kind brought alive to this country.

Books tell us that this toad is sometimes a foot long, but apparently this is the measurement with the limbs outstretched before and behind, as in swimming, for the specimens in the Gardens fall short of 6 in. in body-length. The skin of the back is an olive-brown, which varies in depth of hue in different individuals, and the whitish under-surface bears a T-shaped mark, running the whole length from the shoulder backwards.

The fore-limbs are small, with slender, unwebbed fingers, which end in fleshy projections; but the hind limbs are well developed, and the feet almost justify Madame de Merian, who compared them to those of a duck. These feet are capital swimming organs, and a couple of strokes will send one of these toads from the bottom of the tank right up to the surface.

When they were received they were in rather bad condition, but, owing to the care bestowed on them and the more favourable conditions under which they live, they have greatly improved, and feed freely, taking young carp and earthworms. They have the power of remaining under water for some time, and the visitor will probably see one or two resting or standing with outstretched arms on the bottom of the tank, some half hidden among the water-plants, and others swimming about. If one listens attentively, he may, perhaps, hear a sharp clicking sound, which is probably the love-call of the male.

The chief interest of these toads lies in the manner in which the young come into the world. Madame de Merian, in her book, published in the early part of the eighteenth century, figured a female swimming horizontally, with the young swarming over her, some seeking the refuge of the pits, or cells, in her back, others just coming out, while one little fellow, apparently left behind, is vigorously plying arms and legs to overtake its mother.

Now, the fact of the cells in the back serving for refuges for the young has been put beyond doubt by spirit-specimens in our museum—there is a very good one in the Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road. It is also established that in these cells the eggs are hatched, and the tadpoles undergo their metamorphosis, making their first appearance as miniature copies of their parents. But how do the eggs get upon the back of the female? We have been told that the male puts them there, but evidence for this is wanting. One of the females in the Gardens is now carrying eggs, which were apparently laid in the water, not on shore, as has been supposed, though there was a ledge at the back of the tank where she might have deposited them. Within a short time after they were first observed, the skin of the back began to swell up between the eggs, and now they are scarcely observable. Before these lines are printed there will be formed round each egg the little pouch or cell, the mouth of which will be closed by a covering of skin, not to be broken till the young toads come forth. This, if all goes well, will be in a little less than three months from the time when the eggs were deposited (Dec. 1), and we may hope to see the mother with her family accommodated in the cells in her back, just as if the well-known specimen at the Natural History Museum had been awakened to life by an enchanter's wand.

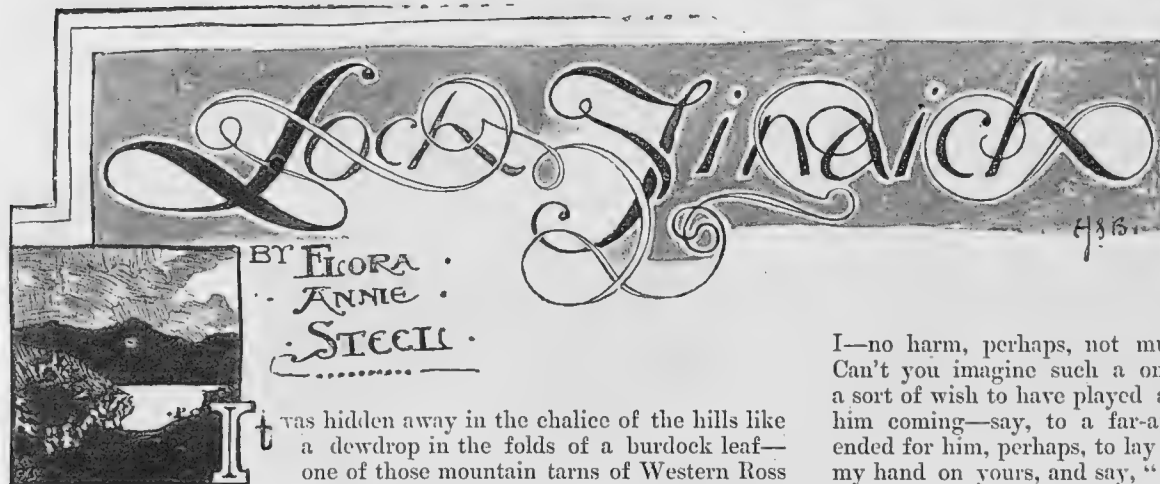
H. S.



THE LYRIC QUARTETTE: THE SISTERS WILSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



It was hidden away in the chalice of the hills like a dewdrop in the folds of a burdock leaf—one of those mountain tarns of Western Ross which are roused by sunshine into distinctive beauty of their own, deadened by mist out of all individuality, so that the wandering fisherman has some excuse for being careless of names, of everything save the trout lying between the shallow and the deep. The time was June, and I had slipped away from London for three weeks' freedom, ere the gathering of the gillies and the general raid of the populace on the Sassenach make the West Highlands a Purgatory instead of a Paradise to those who have not the purse of Fortunatus.

Day after day rose cloudless, serene, in true June fashion. There was no one to hurry me, no one to hint at a light basket. As for sport, fish must feed, even in the driest weather, and sometimes, if the heat-haze dimmed the water, and a causeless breeze set the cotton tassels swinging, a brief half-hour would come, sufficient for most men. Then the charm of the long evenings, when, though the light left the world, it lingered in the sky till dawn brought renewal, kept me in thrall and drove my cook to distraction.

I had had a blank day on the bigger lochs. Even the time between seven and half-past, when the glitter goes from the water, brought me no luck. On my way home, partly for the sake of lingering longer in the surpassing beauty of the moors, I bethought me of a blue dot, which, according to the map, should lie half a mile to the westward.

I shall never forget my first sight of Loch Finaich—or Loch of the Heather, as it was called. Held in the hollow of the hills, it had two arms, one stretching west, to where the moorland sloped swiftly to the sea. Thus, at its further end, the shining level of water looked as if about to plunge into space, intent on quenching the fires of sunset in the sky. The other arm wound, dark and deep, like a shadowed mirror, into a precipitous corrie, where the snowdrifts still lay, despite the heat. There was an unearthly stillness and silence in its beauty which thrilled me through and through. A distinct desire to take refuge in the commonplace made me hurry to a strip of shingle, and throw my fly where a faint shadow told of weeds below the water. The next instant I forgot everything in the knowledge that a big fish had risen short. The brown body and turkey wing lit like a thistledown again and again without response, and I was about to turn away when a circle of widening ripples told me the brute was at me once more. Mortal angler could not resist the challenge. I threw over it, round it, to windward, to leeward of it, without success. The glare had left even the eastern shore; the sunset had faded to pearly greys and golds. It was growing late. But one more cast—by all that is tantalising—at me again!

"Very annoying," said a voice behind me as my fly fell on the water, light but determined.

I turned in surprise. Some ten yards off on the bank behind me a man of about thirty was leaning on a landing-net. From his dress a fisher like myself, though he carried no rod.

"Very annoying," I echoed, "but I'll get the brute yet."

"I doubt it. I thought so, too, but I was mistaken."

To a fisherman, the confession of failure in a rival is never disheartening. I put a little more skill into my cast, that was all.

"It has been a beautiful day, hasn't it?" went on the voice behind, just as the fish stirred again. "As fine a Midsummer Eve as I remember. By the way, do the folk about here tell tales of the dangers of St. John's Eve, as they used to do?"

"No," I replied shortly, for I was rapidly losing my temper over that devil of a fish; "but I can imagine it. Pixies, fairies, and all that bosh."

"Just so; all that bosh."

Something in his tone made me pause.

"Well, it is bosh, isn't it?" I echoed.

"Doubtless, and yet—" he paused in his turn, "how are you to know that the big fish yonder which is tempting you to linger here—on St. John's Eve, mark you—is not a pixie?"

The conceit amused me; besides, the brute might think better of its ways after a rest. I laid aside my rod, took out my pipe, and leant against the bank on which my new acquaintance had seated himself.

"Because it isn't," I said stolidly.

"Nevertheless, it is a thing that is absolutely incapable of proof save by experience, and, if the experience means death and silence—"

"It is not much use to the world, naturally," laughed I.

"None; unless you admit the possibility of ghosts."

"No go, either. Ghosts never are useful. The bad ones don't care, I suppose, and the good are too happy."

I heard a faint sigh behind me and looked up. Then he smiled. It was a charming face—refined, with a touch of humour in it.

"Let us imagine a Laodicean ghost, then. Say a fellow like you or

I—no harm, perhaps, not much good, either—a bit of a drone, eh? Can't you imagine such a one pursued, when the game is over, with a sort of wish to have played a stronger hand? I can. I can imagine him coming—say, to a far-away spot like this—to a loch where life ended for him, perhaps, to lay his hand on someone's shoulder, as I lay my hand on yours, and say, "*Fish no more! It is a pixie luring you to death!*" Ah, I am a good actor, you see. I have made you start."

It was true. Something in tone and touch had sent a shiver through me. I forgot the big fish in a sudden desire for home and rest, not to say for dinner.

"A very good actor," I assented, beginning to reel up as he rose. "Do you come my way?"

"No; my road lies yonder." He pointed to where the western wedge of light was fast darkening.

"Ah! the inn at Corriebuie, I suppose. Well, good-bye; I may meet you here again some day."

"Scarcely," he answered with a smile.

"Then elsewhere; the world is small."

"Very—what we know of it."

"True. For all I know, I may be parting from a real friend," I replied gaily. "You may have saved me from a pixie or a five-pounder. Which is it?"

"Let us say from an infatuation. That is certain. Good-bye."

A boggle in my cast claimed my attention, and when I looked up he had disappeared behind the rocky promontory between the two arms of the loch. As I turned to go my eye caught a glitter in the shingle at my feet. It was a gold signet ring which I remembered remarking on the stranger's hand as he laid it on my shoulder. I ran after him, shouting as I ran, finally making my way to a bit of rising ground whence I could command the declivity leading to the Corriebuie Inn. He was not to be seen. As I came back for my rod a faint circle of light showed on the darkening water. The big fish was rising still, and I hurried away, half afraid of being beguiled into trying conclusions with it. Next day, being Sunday, I walked over to Corriebuie, in order to return the ring to its owner. My friend of Loch Finaich was not there, nor did the ring itself give me any clue, for the design on it had been much scratched and worn as if by water. The world, however, as we had agreed, is small, and partly on the chance that in the motley crowd of London I might come across its owner, and partly from a strange fascination for the memory of my five minutes' friend, I took to wearing the ring constantly until a sense of possession and an odd, unaccountable affection for it grew up in me, and I felt I should be sorry to have it taken from me.

In the November following I was on my way to join a yacht, bound for the Mediterranean, at Plymouth. Immersed in a book, I scarcely noticed the advent of another traveller into the smoking-carriage in which I was seated until I saw him searching vainly in his pockets for a match. Naturally, I offered him my cigar. As I held it out he started so violently as almost to knock it out of my hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said courteously, "but the ring you wear aroused a painful memory. A very dear friend of mine had one somewhat similar."

"A friend! Was he by any chance in Scotland this summer?"

My companion shook his head, and looked out of the window. "No. He joined the majority years ago. A terrible loss to the regiment. One of those fellows good all round. Crack shot, splendid rider, A1 fisherman; and so keen!" He paused.

"It cost him his life in the end," he went on. "I was in India at the time, so I don't know the ins and outs of it. But it was at some place in Western Ross. He went out fishing one day and never returned. A simple thing to say, but only God knows what happened."

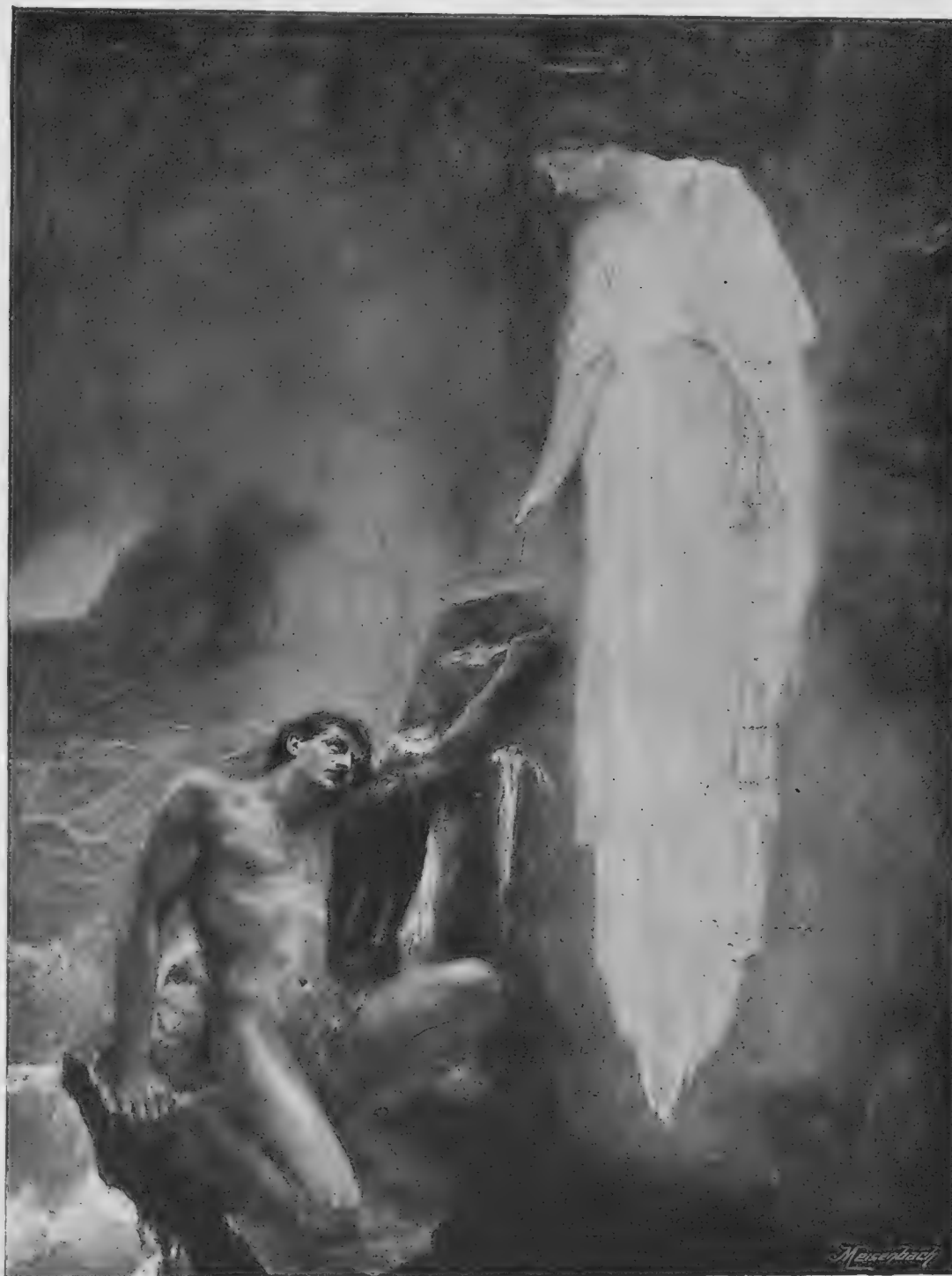
So enthralled had I been by his unexpected words that I had failed to notice the train was stopping, and, before I realised what he was about, the stranger was on the platform of a roadside station. My gesture of dismay must have been construed by him as a farewell, for he raised his hat. The express was already in motion. I craned from the window to catch the name of the station, but, before I realised I was on the wrong side, all hope of that clue was gone. Three hours after I had left England.

Subsequent inquiries in Ross-shire elicited the fact that an Englishman had been lost in the neighbourhood years before; but not even a legend connected his disappearance with Loch Finaich.

The ring is still on my finger. I have a great affection for it, and if its owner were to appear, I should feel lost without it, for it has taught me many things, but not to settle the great question—

"Was it a five-pounder, or was it a pixie?"

THE ART OF THE DAY.



HOPE.—H. T. SCHÄFER.

*With outspread arms, from the great God of Love,
Towards despairing man, descends in light divine
Sweet, beauteous Hope, to strengthen him,
And 'mid the dreaded storms of life
Upraise His son to heaven."*

EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HILDESHEIMER AND CO.,
WHO HAVE JUST PUBLISHED AN IMPORTANT PHOTOGRAPHURE OF THE SUBJECT.

ART NOTES.



SOMETHING IN THE WIND.—WILLIAM LUKER.
Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's.

The collection of the great Japanese artist Utamaro's works at the Goupil Gallery (Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co.) is very interesting. Utamaro was born so long ago as 1754, and died in 1806. An interesting appreciation of his work prefaces the catalogue. While much of the pictorial art of Japan concerned itself at his time with the representation of theatrical scenes and figures, Utamaro, from his earliest period, resolved to carry out the promptings of his own genius, spurning a reputation in which his own talent would have been subordinate and subservient to another man's vogue or notoriety. His favourite theme is the gentler sex; but in these delineations he departs from the recognised type of the Japanese woman—idealising her, in fact, into a creation of slender grace and elegance, which is, nevertheless, essentially Japanese. "The coyness and coquetry of these women, their motherly or other domestic cares, their display of pomp and vanity, no Japanese artist ever succeeded more ably and eloquently in conveying to the Western mind. The appreciation of Utamaro's work is not a growth of recent years. In his own day and country his popularity was so great, and his personality so fully recognised, that orders poured into his studio from all quarters, and his prints are now prized by every admirer of the beautiful and the refined."

The Dowdeswell Galleries at the present moment contain two interesting enough exhibitions, which have, however, from an artistic point of view, very little in common. One is an entirely modern collection of Venetian drawings by the Cavaliere Vizzotto-Alberti, a painter of considerable repute in Italy; the other is an assemblage of rather splendid old portraits, dusky, rich, and

powerful. Signor Vizzotto-Alberti is a painter of sound intentions and of minute apprehension. His dexterity is often remarkable, and his appreciation of detail is constantly so influential over his own work that, though we recognise the skill of its interpretation, he had better, for the total effect of his picture, have been without it. He somewhat lacks atmosphere, and when the peculiar luminosity, stretching, as it were, from particle to particle, is absent from atmospheric painting, it amounts to saying that the picture is dull. Still, this is but an occasional fault, and for such pretty effects as "The Piazzetta" or "From a Garden," we forgive him much.

Among the portraits which fill the second exhibition, the most interesting is certainly Lely's portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth, Louise de Quérouaille, the lady for whom Charles II. three times refurnished one of the most sumptuous apartments of all the royal palaces, and who hung over his death-bed, in Macaulay's phrase, "with the familiarity of a wife." And here she is, this antique beauty, fascinating certainly, dark-eyed, vivacious, repellent at a first glance, engrossing at a second—no goddess, indeed, but a woman of wit, of fancy, and of enticement; all which, since it is based upon an examination of Lely's work, is as much as to say that it is masterly and human. There are other portraits, one (possibly) an early Greuze, one (possibly) an Allan Ramsay, both, as it seems, doubtful, both interesting, and of a certain monumental quality in composition.

The President of the Royal Academy distributed, the other day, the prizes won by the Royal Academy students in the different classes of the present year. Sir Frederick did not speak at great length, and, oddly enough, his oratory was not confined to eulogy. Going over the work of these young students, he praised



ORPHANS.—FANNIE MOODY.
Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's.



IN THE DRIFT.—ARCHIBALD THORNBURN.
Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's.

their classic sentiment, the merit of which, he said, was extremely high and commendable. On the other hand, he went on to observe, as sincerity was the truest mark of sympathy and interest, in the series of studies from the life "the level was not such as they had been accustomed to, and not such as the Academy desired." Now this was a little remarkable. We are, indeed, not surprised to find that, among students so young, studies from life should lack somewhat in sympathy and sincerity, nor that to them the somewhat conventional and easily acquired traditions of the classic should appeal more readily. But, after all, they have but studied the practice and the path to success by which their President himself went, and his own words convict them of having learned his own lesson with conspicuous success. That he should turn round and rend them was cruelty indeed. The prize-list contains the usual items of interest, which are neither here nor there in this column.

There is a curious matter to chronicle in connection with the new exhibition of the "Old Water-Colours," that, although many of the most distinguished members of that society have this year failed to put in any appearance, the exhibition is, nevertheless, a good deal better, on the average, than it has been for some years past. It is the young artists who make it excellent. Mr. Edward Hughes, for example, in four little studies and a picture of some ambition, "Riancabella and Samaritana, her Snake Sister," shows an accomplishment which is remarkable.

WORK OF THE JAPANESE ARTIST, UTAMARO.

Exhibited in the Goupil Gallery, Regent Street, S.W.



CONFIDENCES.



JAPANESE LADIES.



L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.



CONVERSATION.



MISS MARY MOORE AS LADY SUSAN HARABIN IN "THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN,"
AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



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"RITA'S" LAST.*

"Peg the Rake" is a spirited heroine of forty. "Safe to win in the matter of hearts," as her admirers assert, "she flashes her grey Irish eyes around," and still possesses charms enough to rival the younger fair. Matrons retaliate by describing her as "the O'Hara woman"—the height, we believe of feminine vindictiveness. She has a past in which



Photo by H. T. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

"RITA" (MRS. DESMOND HUMPHREYS).

Denis Morrison figures. (By-the-way, why are so many of Rita's "black sheep" named Denis?) That worthy eloped with her in years gone by, and was duly knocked down by her father. This episode ended, he disappeared and made a fortune. His own father, a neighbour of the O'Haras, had little love for him—indeed, there was some awkwardness about his birth certificate! Peg finds home-life uncomfortable, because, "with a stepmother who preaches filial piety and makes your life a hell, 'tis enough to try a saint." She accordingly avoids the temptation, and makes compromising notes in her diary. To escape her stepmother—who, according to Quinlan, her Irish servant, "would skin a flint and make soup of the lavin's"—she persuades Lady Patricia Moira to invite her to Dublin. She appeals to her "guv'nor" for funds, but ineffectually. Rita's heroines, however, are invariably good borrowers, and Peg has many friends. Then Denis reappears, emerging from the village inn. Sundry tappings at the heroine's window follow. At Dublin she meets her neighbour, Sir Jasper Luttrell, a cynical roué, who shows marked attention. Lady Pat counsels matrimony, but Peg shrinks from "reopening the turned-down leaves of the past. Losing £100 at cards, she pawns the family diamonds as a means of payment. Then she accepts Sir Jasper. On the wedding-eve, Denis, with scant consideration, invades Peg's bedroom, and declares his old love revived. Indignant repulse and mutual recriminations follow. In her excitement, Peg drops her diary on the floor, and leaves it there when she starts for her "honeymoon." The wicked stepmother, finding it, presents it to Sir Jasper, who, after perusal, doubts the value of his bargain. Then a course of studied ill-treatment, culminating in brain-fever. The faithful Quinlan arriving to nurse Peg, has wordy warfare with the baronet's sister. "If ye boulds the door, I'll git in through the windy; if ye forbids me the castle, faith I'll set meself at the gates and tell ivery blessed sowl." Peg recovers and shows fight. From this point Rita is

at her best. The climax is reached when she visits Denis's death-bed. On her return she is greeted as the "cast-off mistress of a low-born bastard." After such abuse topsy-turvydom! "I was Denis Morrison's wife; I was never yours." Following which—after sundry explanations to Molly, the baronet's daughter—Peg the Rake discreetly dies, leaving Denis's large fortune to the girl. She and her lover thereupon resolve they will make better use of it than Peg would have done.

Thus far the story. The novel, we may say at once, will not bear comparison with some of Rita's earlier efforts. Two volumes of thin dialogue, slow movement, and interminable discussions upon politics, ritualism, toothache, and the "Eternal Feminines" cannot be compensated for by vigorous writing towards the close. Yet, good things are not wanting. Quinlan is an admirably-drawn character, not devoid of real humour, of which the recital of the Widow Moriarty's misfortune—a delightful passage, even if somewhat *risquée*—is an instance. Nor is dramatic talent absent from the well-written final scene between Peg and Sir Jasper. But why the footnote, vouching for the truth of the "Headless Coach" story? Surely we are credulous enough, if only in deference to the tales of our grandmothers! Far less excusable is Rita's occasional pedantry. What have we done that we should be compelled to read that the heroine is "pachydermatous"? "Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in this wilderness?" C. H. T.

A STORY BOOK BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.*

Mrs. Molesworth has the sympathetic faculty of writing for young people exactly what young people like, as only one who thoroughly understands the complex condition of childhood can. That is why, among so many trainers of the young idea, this favourite authoress stands in the front rank. Naturally and simply the little heroine of Windy Gap Cottage tells her small story, and discovers her keenly-felt, if liliputian, joys in the unforced, easy style Mrs. Molesworth has made generally popular. The grandmamma of this story



Illustration by Leslie Brooke to "My New Home."

owns a most acceptable personality, and the introduction of some boy cousins is prattled of very prettily in the closing pages. Sweet and wholesome reading such as this is, in fact, what mothers now more than ever require to put into their children's hands during the impressionable period of school-time. In an ever-increasing flood of smart century-end literature it is well to have some such safe and upright landmarks, too, as Mrs. Molesworth's graceful fiction invariably offers.

* "Peg the Rake." By "Rita." London: Hutchinson.

* "My New Home." By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Macmillan and Co.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE PARISH COUNCIL.

OLD VESTRYMAN : " Allow me to introduce my young friend, the Parish Council. Promising youngster, isn't he ? "

THE PARSON: "Humph! don't like the looks of him; do you, Squire?"

PARISH COUNCIL: "Well, if it comes to that, I don't like the looks of you, either."



PANTOMIME CHILD (to "Principal Boy"): "Are you in the profession, too?"



PARSON (to Captain): "What are we waiting for, Skipper?"

CAPTAIN: "Doesn't his reverence see it's a fog?"

PARSON: "But I can see the sun."

CAPTAIN: "Yes; but we're not bound in that direction."

DRAWN BY FRED HALL.



"You look very hungry, my man. Come to my place, and I'll give you some work to do."

"Asking parding, Guv'nor, but I've got to attend a meeting of the unemployed this afternoon."

MR. HENGLER ON THE CIRCUS.

The cares of the Circus do not seem to sit very heavily upon Mr. Albert Hengler, with whom I had a chat the other day, during a short break in a busy afternoon.

Mr. Hengler's thoughts and ideas are continually running in a circle; if they were not, he would not be able to boast to-day that there is not one Hengler's, but four Hengler's, and that he is the proprietor of them all. A man who is the owner of a circus at Liverpool, at Glasgow, at Dublin, and at Hull, must, I inferred, have something substantial on and in his mind, and the object of my call was to get to know some of the methods and mysteries, as well as the successes, of his profession.

Our chat soon took a business turn. "How long have you been at it, Mr. Hengler?" I inquired.

"I joined in 1881, but, as you know, I come of an old circus family. My father was in it before me. He started Hengler's some time in the forties; his first provincial success was made at Liverpool in 1857."

"And what has been the secret of your success?"

"Organisation,"

was the luminous and laconic reply. "My father had his 'ups and downs,' of course, but he built up a successful circus business. He died in 1887."

"There have been great changes in the tastes of the public and in the



Photo by Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth.

MRS. HENGLER, SEN.



Photo by W. Lawrence, Dublin.

MR. ALBERT HENGLER.

conditions and characteristics of popular entertainments since your father's palmy days?" I ventured to suggest.

"Yes, great changes. In those times the public were satisfied pretty easily. They did not want the extraordinary novelties and sensational

performances we have to give them now. We have to go on doing better and better, or they do not come near us. If I were to put a performance before the public now similar to what my father gave in Liverpool forty years ago, we should not take two pounds a night!"

"And what is your idea of a good night now—in receipts, I mean?"

"Oh! it varies, of course, with the size of the building. I have four circuses of my own—at Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, and Hull. My Liverpool circus will hold £230, the Glasgow one £205, that at Dublin £180, and the Hull building £130. These are all my own places. I bought them in March, 1892, under my father's will. My father left the business to my brother Fred and myself, and we had to pay a thousand a year for it; but, what with ground rents, outgoings, rates, taxes, and other expenses, the thousand grew to about six thousand per year. The property was left under these conditions until March 1, 1892, when the buildings were to be offered to us at



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

MRS. HENGLER.

a valuation; but my brother died in May, 1889, and, fortunately, I had been so successful that I was able to buy the four Hengler's."

"Tell me how you did it? What has been your most striking and profitable success in the ring?"

"Oh, the 'water novelty' had a great deal to do with it."

"Whose idea was that? It was decidedly original and daring to convert the ring into a lake," I remarked.

"It was my own invention," replied Mr. Hengler. "But I must not forget the ball-room scene in 'Cinderella.' I also owe a good deal to that."

"Quite a gold mine in the water, I believe, Mr. Hengler?"

"Ah, that's a little secret," smilingly replied the Circus King. "But I will tell you this much, I made——"

"Yes, do tell me how you came out of the flooded ring. The water might have got the better of you?"

"But it didn't. It paid me better than anything else has ever done. It enabled me nearly to pay for those four buildings at Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, and Hull, which it took my father years and years of hard, patient work to obtain."

Mr. Hengler's enthusiasm for water struck me as being a natural, and even a prudent, prejudice.

"It sounds strange," he continued, "but I dreamt that water piece. I saw the water in the macintosh in a dream. It was during the time that Miss Beckwith was under an engagement with us at Glasgow, doing her swimming act in a tank, and I said to her husband, 'Would it not be possible to give a decent swimming show in a larger tank, and let all the people see how it is done?'"

"I went to bed with that on my mind, and I saw the ring full of water in my sleep, as I have described it to you."

"And did you work out the idea at once?"

"No; my father and my uncle laughed at me till their sides ached when I told them how I was going to pull the people in—to the circus, I mean, not the water. I never heard my father laugh so heartily in my life."

"The killing laugh of ridicule, eh?"

"There was not the least doubt about it; but when my father died, I set to work, with the assistance of Alfred Powell" (Mr. Hengler seems

"You may judge for yourself. In 1857 the salaries were only £75 per week. I am now paying £300."

"What about Hengler's in London?"

"My father opened in London in 1870, in the wooden building in Argyll Street. He had an uninterrupted success until 1883 or 1884. Then the Board of Works made him pull the old circus down and build a new one. The new building is upon the old site. It does not belong to me, but is in the family."

"I suppose you find it difficult to get novelties?"

"Yes, and as soon as a novelty is introduced it is taken up by the people who pay the biggest salaries; but some of the so-called 'novelties' are merely the revival of old circus acts of forty years ago."

"Who are the best English lady riders?"

Mr. Hengler hesitated, fearful lest he should offend some of his friends in the profession. However, he ventured upon the following list of (in his opinion) the best lady riders (English): Jenny O'Brien, Marguerite Doris, Annie Clarke, Florence Godfrey, Amalia Jee, and Ernestine Cooke. "You can count the really good riders on the fingers of your two hands," he added. Then he mentioned that Renz on the Continent, and Hengler in England, were the only two circus proprietors who have buildings that are their own property to go into to perform.

"When do you rest, Mr. Hengler?"

"We do not rest, as a rule. Up to the present summer, Hengler's doors have never been closed for forty odd years."

"I forgot to ask you about gentlemen riders, Mr. Hengler?"

"There is one that stands far ahead and clear of all the others. and that is John Frederick Clarke, a man who can do as much tumbling upon a horse's back as other men can do upon the ground."

As I was about to leave, Mr. Hengler said he should like to say one other thing: "We are still," he remarked, "looked upon as 'vagabonds,' while the actors have outlived all that. Why is it not the same with the circus people, who are the best-behaved people in the world, especially in the matter of moral principle and moral conduct?"

This is evidently a very serious and a very sore point with Mr. Hengler, who gave me the impression of being a square, level-headed man of business, very jealous of the reputation of his profession. Neither age nor success has withered him; he is on the sunny side of forty, and is likely to remain there for some time to come.

At Huntley Court, near Gloucester, you may find Mr. and Mrs. Hengler at home. There you see Mr. Hengler in another ring—the ring domestic. It is a sharp but pleasing transition! You forget



Photo by G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

SKIRT-DANCE OF MISS ERNESTINE COOKE ON HORSEBACK: THE AÉRIAL FLIGHT AFTER LEAVING THE HORSE'S BACK.

much attached to his old and much-valued manager), "and together we produced the water pantomime, which has now been copied by every circus in the world, and has even pulled some proprietors from the brink of the grave—the financial grave, of course."

"You will take to the water again, I assume?"

"Yes," was Mr. Hengler's reply. "I am going to reproduce the water show in another form."

"Now let us talk about your latest novelty—the skirt-dancing upon the horse's back. Are you not borrowing from the halls—poaching, in fact?"

Mr. Hengler "caught on" at the halls. It was at once evident that he had something on his mind. He threw much energy and emphasis into the reply.

"I am glad you have touched upon the variety halls," he said. "They get their very best performers and their very best performances from us circus people."

"Give me a case or two."

"That's easy enough. The jugglers, acrobats, wire-walkers, trapeze artists, the performing animals, the musical clowns, and other things are all legitimate circus performances which have been stolen from our business. Every time we open in a town now we are twitted with copying the music-halls, with putting too much of the 'variety show' into the performance, whereas the simple truth is the music-halls have been stealing from us. The modern music-hall is nothing more than a circus shorn of its horses. Even the ballets they put on at the big halls in London were done in the circus-ring on the Continent before they were heard of in the halls here. The circus in London has to depend upon its horses and horsemanship. In the provinces it does not matter so much."

"And what about the popularity of the circus in the provinces?"

"It is greater than ever. Glasgow or Liverpool are worth two Londons for circus business."

"There is a vast difference in salaries now, compared with your father's time?"



Photo by H. Kruger, Huddersfield.

MISS ROSA MONTERO.

the sawdust and the glare and whirl of the crowded circus; you meditate on rings, magic and otherwise, and you come to the conclusion that Fortune has not spited nor spoiled Mr. Hengler. He is happy in the ring—and outside it!

E. S. I.

COVENT GARDEN FANCY DRESS BALL.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS ROSE DEARING AS "THE NEW WOMAN" (PRIZE WINNER).



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS EVELYN HUGHES.



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS COOK.



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS ALI AKBAR (PRIZE WINNER).

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The question of Morality and Art (both with capital letters) is becoming a public nuisance again. Persons calling themselves champions of morality are attacking Mr. Beerbohm Tree for producing so morally objectionable a play as "John-a-Dreams," and advocating a return to the sweet simplicity of good old melodramatic morality, and heroines without "a past." Mr. Tree retorts in his assumed character of a champion of Art, and says some unpleasant and fairly true things concerning critics; critics retort and say some unpleasant but fairly true things concerning actors; and the fat is in the fire and the letters in the *Times*.

Now the question that naturally occurs to most persons of unbiassed mind is: "What particular business have any of the parties to this discussion to put themselves forward as champions of anything in particular?" Mr. Tree is an actor of repute, that is, one who personates certain characters in order to entertain the public; he is also a theatrical manager, that is, he determines what characters shall be personated by himself and others, with a view to entertaining the public—in which views he is sometimes wrong, sometimes right. Dramatic critics are persons employed and paid by editors of newspapers to tell the public what Mr. Tree and others of his profession are doing, and how they like the pieces and characters presented, and whether they think it is worth while for the public to go to these pieces.

Now, given these data, the average man will ask himself wherein lies the fitness of either actor-manager or critic to deal with morality and its relations to art? Actors, as a class, have little theoretical acquaintance with morals, and their practical experience, at times, leaves something to be desired. As for dramatic critics, I believe that editors do not usually require of them a previous training in ethics and casuistry; while a certificate of good conduct is hardly indispensable for any journalist. To be a dramatic critic, it would seem sufficient to be acquainted with the French plays of the last generation, and to have the faculty of writing first pieces that are often bought and sometimes produced. Even grammar is not invariably present in an effective criticism, while a successful actor may be a person whose opinion concerning most matters is absolutely worthless.

The argument that we ought to banish all presentation of certain phases of life from our theatres, because these phases do not tend to improve the mind of the girl of fifteen, seems weak on the face of it. There is, as far as I am aware, no law compelling young persons of fifteen, or of any age, to go to any theatre at all. Nay, I will go farther, and say that I, for one, though not a Puritan, should hardly advise theatre-going as a practice for girls of fifteen, even though the pieces presented were written, or adapted, by the moral critics themselves. The age of transition from girlhood to womanhood is one that needs calming rather than exciting. Girls of fifteen may safely be taken to pantomimes (if the music-hall element be eliminated), to the German Reed entertainment, to Gilbert-and-Sullivan, or Gilbert-and-Anybody, operas, or to any performance merely recreative. The "problem" play, the "New Woman" novel, and the "purity" meeting, should be sternly barred, simply because they direct the thoughts of the hearer or reader to subjects on which it is not good for anyone to think much, and on which the girl (or boy) of fifteen should think as little as possible. But the real danger lies rather in the suggestions of the topic than in its treatment.

The "Young Person" being eliminated as unqualified for any strong drama, or even melodrama, we have to determine what are to be the limits of subject and treatment in the drama. The answer seems to be that we are at liberty to use such subjects as are artistically effective only so far as they continue effective. If we are to take a woman with a past, we must get out of that past every ounce of dramatic effect. We must have the ghost of that past really on the stage, among the palpable actors. If we do this, then the use of the unpleasant subject is artistically justified; and, probably, morally justified as well. Otherwise we incur the fatal objection of having a play that is a mere sequel of something that is not seen or appreciated. This is where dramatic authors so often err. They take a heroine with a past, because they believe her to be commercially profitable; and then they proceed to file away that past with extenuating circumstances and explanations, till the most rigid Puritan could hardly help forgiving, or even acknowledging that there was nothing to forgive. It is like putting on the stage a man who has lost a leg (let us say), and then furnishing him with an artificial limb that works nearly as well as the natural one.

MARMITON.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Derby of 1895 will, I now think, be a much more interesting race than has been witnessed for the Blue Riband of the Turf for many years. The Premier fancies Sir Visto very much, and Sir Blundell Maple's new purchase, Kirkconnell, is just the sort of colt to shine over the Epsom course. Raconteur will very likely be Jewitt's best, and it is expected that John Porter will rely on Le Var, a smart son of Isonomy—St. Marguerite. This colt has already been backed in the Continental lists for a large sum.

A great deal has of late been written about the "Men of Observation," who, be it noted, as a body, are most useful to the majority of racegoers. The chief of the clan is Mr. R. Rodney, who carries on at the present time a large and flourishing business at Newmarket.



Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. R. RODNEY.

Mr. Rodney is a self-made man, and it is a great deal to his credit that, now "he is up," he does not forget his old friends, and he is ever ready to lend a helping hand to a poor brother in distress. Mr. Rodney represents several leading newspapers, and has clients all over the country. He employs a large staff to collect the training intelligence, and keeps his eagle eye on the trials, which, by-the-by, he can see by the aid of a telescope from the tower of his mountain mansion. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Rodney has had great experience among racehorses, having worked in a leading stable. But he has, over and above this, a natural gift for discovering, first of all, the name of an animal,

and then retaining in his mind the points, good or bad, about that same thoroughbred. Mr. Rodney is just now busily engaged with his staff in getting acquainted with the yearlings, and he will be able to write with the knowledge of all the two-year-olds trained at Newmarket long before the time arrives for the Brocklesby Stakes to be decided.

Kempton Park has been fortunate in securing a fixture for Boxing Day, and I predict a big attendance at the Sunbury enclosure, which is, after all, the most popular resort with the holiday people, and the shilling gate at holiday times is much appreciated. I hope Mr. S. H. Hyde will see to it that a good military band is laid on, as music is a big feature with the gallery, and for the sake of an extra outlay of, say £50, many people would be made happy who do not care for racing, but take the outing in the usual routine.

It seems T. Loates has been a great sufferer for some months from that most trying ailment dyspepsia, and he is now about to undergo special treatment at the hands of a London specialist. Loates has been trying to ride at too light a weight, and persistent wasting is beginning to tell on his system. I am certain it is a great mistake to be all the time practising starvation so as to get off that last 3 lbs. Allsopp used to breakfast, dine, and sup on bread soaked in vinegar, but he could not finish a race with the resolution he displays now.

At the present time about half a million of money is given for prizes each year to be run for on the Turf, but a search beneath the surface shows that 60 per cent. of the sum comes out of the pockets of owners themselves. The gate-money at the majority of the meetings goes towards paying big dividends to the shareholders. I believe the time has arrived when some enterprising race club, say the Hurst Park Club, should offer £5000 for a handicap, with no entrance-fee whatever.

The new course at Birmingham will be opened on Easter Monday. Unfortunately, the fixture clashes with Kempton and Newcastle, so that many of the leading jockeys will not be at liberty to test the new turf, at least on the opening day of the fixture. I believe the Executive will try and institute a big handicap for the Birmingham enclosure, somewhat on the lines of the Jubilee Stakes, which is one of the most popular events contested in the South of England.

Mr. Rickett, who has left the firm of Pratt and Co. to go to Australia, is a very nice, gentlemanly fellow. He had a good training in Messrs. Weatherby's office. I am glad to hear that Mr. Rickett's place is to be filled by Mr. F. Cathcart, who did so much for trotting in the Metropolis, and who has for some time displayed great enterprise in the management of the Lewes race-meeting. Mr. Cathcart is a real "live" man. His father was a well-known acting-manager at several of the London theatres.

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The "QUEEN," March 24, 1894.

"HARLENE is a preparation extensively advertised and used for the improvement of the hair. 'Edwards' Harlene' (to give it its full name) is a liquid wash, the methods of employing which are described on the wrappers of the bottles. It claims to promote the growth of hair and to improve its appearance; it also is said to act as a restorer in cases of baldness and grey hair. Testimonials in its favour are numerous, and it is said to be quite innocuous."

The "LADY," March 29, 1894.

"AUTUMN.—For your special case I do not think you could use anything better than Edwards' Harlene. It will strengthen the growth and considerably improve the colour of the hair. It will also arrest the greyness. You can get it from most chemists for 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per bottle."

"WELDON'S JOURNAL," December 1893.

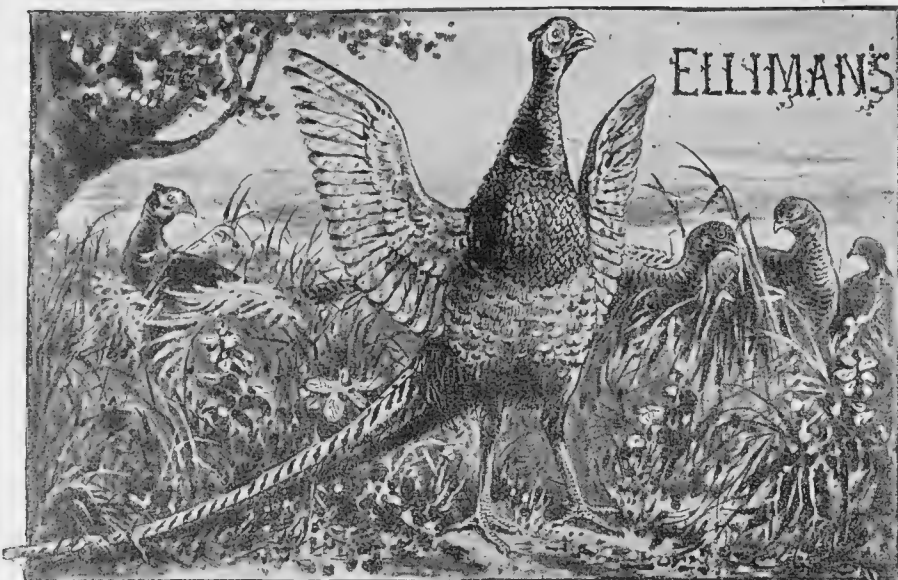
"EDWARDS' HARLENE.—No one need despair in this *fin-de-siècle* age. We are finding cures for every ill, and among the most eagerly accepted are those which undertake to restore our grey hairs to their pristine beauty, and to cover any bald patches with a new and vigorous growth. A very good and extremely pleasant preparation of the kind is Edwards' Harlene, which also undertakes to produce whiskers and moustachios upon the cheeks and lips of aspiring youth. The lotion is a strong stimulant to growth, and may be used as well to arrest the falling hair. In many cases of apparently incurable baldness this stimulant has produced excellent results, although, of course, patience and steady perseverance with the remedy are necessary. The process of reproduction once lost is not easily regained, but instances are known in which the power of growth has been fully restored. Our best thanks, therefore, are due to Messrs. Edwards for their excellent preparation, bottles of which cost from 1s. up to 5s. 6d. each.

WORLD-RENOWNED HAIR-PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

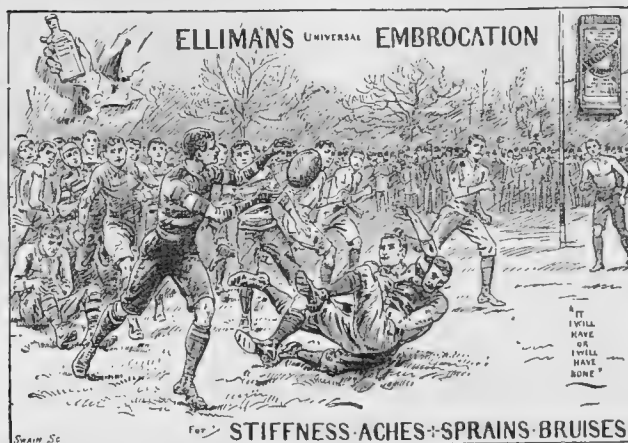
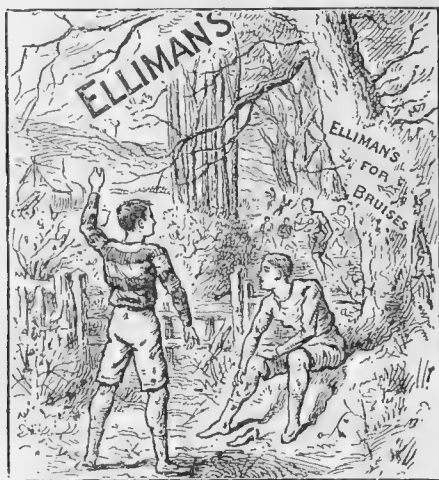
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CRAMP CURED.

**LUMBAGO.**

From a Justice of the Peace:

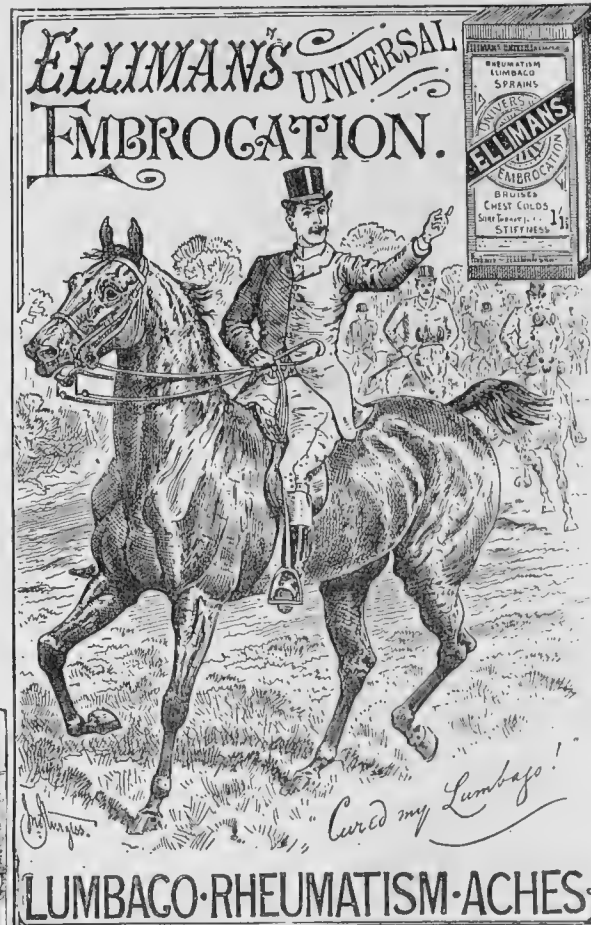
"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

RHEUMATISM.

EUGENE WOLF, Esq., Antananarivo, Madagascar, writes:

"I contracted severe rheumatism in both legs; H.B.M. Vice-Consul here made me a present of a bottle of your Embrocation, which has cured me within a week."

"July 31, 1894."

**SEVERE PAINS.**

Mrs. S. DALLENGER, Aldinga Villa, Oxford Road, Bournemouth, writes:

"A lady in my house was taken with severe pains in the leg and side at night. I rubbed well with Elliman's the affected part, which allayed the pain and enabled the lady to sleep."

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

It seems absurd for anyone to hazard an opinion on the probable issue of an inter-²Varsity football match. And yet if one were to prophesy that the favourites would not win he would very rarely be wrong. Up till the time when Oxford and Cambridge met last Wednesday, the Dark Blues had a record almost unique in ¹Varsity football. Out of twelve matches played they had lost but one, and that to Cardiff, one of the strongest clubs in the country. Not only so, but their defence had been so good that only fifteen points, which did not include a single goal, had been registered against them.

On the other hand, Cambridge had done nothing worth talking about, except to make rather tall scores against weaker clubs. Four times they had been defeated by teams which Oxford would have swept before them; yet, on 'Varsity Day, what did we see? We saw the Oxford forwards completely overrun by the Cambridge scrummagers, and for quite three parts of the game the battle raged in the Oxford twenty-five. Never during the whole course of the season had the Oxford backs been so hard put to it. Instead of attacking with their well-known brilliant

movements, the Dark Blue backs were kept in a continual state of siege. That they came well out of the ordeal is shown by the fact that their goal-line was only crossed once, and, in addition, they managed to escape the vigilance of their opponents, and score a very fine try. The end was a goal each, and no doubt Oxford were thankful to escape on these terms.

I must congratulate the Cambridge forwards, one and all, on their magnificent form. I have seen cleverer forwards, but never a pack more dashing or more determined. At their head, and foremost in their attack, one could discern the stalwart forms of the captain, W. E. Tucker, and F. Mitchell, the well-known cricketer. At half-back, Jacob and Bell were seen to immense advantage behind a winning pack. The three-



Photo by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.
W. E. TUCKER.

quarters were by no means brilliant in attack, and a good deal of their time was taken up with smothering the efforts of the opposing backs. I have never seen a set of backs lie up so close on the scrum as the Cambridge men did. If the ball were coming out on the Oxford side, not only were the half-backs round as quick as the ball, but the three-quarters were right on the top of their *vis-à-vis* before the ball could be handled. Field was seen to great advantage at full-back.

It is impossible to account for the collapse of the Oxford forwards. They had not played so poor a game all the season. No doubt they were nearly half a stone lighter than their opponents, but they had met heavy forwards before and held their own. All the dash appeared to be on the Cambridge side. Naturally, Donaldson and Baiss had a lively time at half-back, and, but for their extraordinary exertions, Oxford would have fared very badly indeed. Donaldson put in far more and better work than any back on the ground, while every one of the four three-quarters defended gallantly and made the most of their opportunities in the way of attack. The absence of C. B. Fry did not affect the play of the team to any extent. Smith made a brilliant three-quarter, and Unwin, in spite of one or two bad kicks, was a fairly passable back. His tackling was very good indeed. Out of the twenty-two matches played Oxford have won eight, Cambridge seven, and seven have been drawn.

Cricket has had various poets to sing its charms, but the man has not yet arrived who has written anything above the commonplace in the form of football verse. In a new book of poetry just published by Longman, there are one or two parodies which have at least the merit of humour and a knowledge of the game, such as the following extract—

He brought a team from Inversnaid
To play our Third Fifteen,
A man whom none of us had played,
And very few had seen.
He weighed not less than eighteen stone,
And, to a practised eye
He seemed as little fit to run
As he was fit to fly.
He looked so clumsy and so slow,
And made so little fuss;
But he got in behind—and oh,
The difference to us!

Rugby county football has made more progress in Devonshire than in any other part of England. The success of the men of Devon over Somerset the other day must be particularly gratifying to the enthusiasts who have worked hard for the game in that county. Lancashire are already booked to visit Devonshire, but the one ambition of Devonshire county is to meet and if possible beat Yorkshire. I am afraid the West of England men have not yet arrived at this state of perfection. There are still ties to be played in the County Championship between Lancashire and Cumberland, and Midland Counties v. Kent. I expect to see Lancashire and the Midland Counties get through their ties.

The one notable event in the Football League has been the advance of Aston Villa. By a series of brilliant wins they have actually jumped into second place, although their record is by no means so good as that of Sunderland. It is hardly possible that the Villans can retain the championship, but they appear now to have a fair chance of finishing in the first three. I am still of opinion that Sunderland and Everton will finish first and second, probably in the order named, and I am willing to stake a good deal that the last four will number among them Stoke, Bolton Wanderers, and Liverpool. The matches for next Saturday are unusually interesting. Everton, on their own ground, ought to bag a certain two points against Stoke; Sunderland, however, may have enough to do to defeat North End at Preston. I should think that Aston Villa will not have much trouble in gaining two points at the expense of the Wanderers at Wolverhampton.

In the Second Division of the League, Notts County appear to be falling to pieces. Their defeat at Leicester was followed by still another collapse at Burton, where they played the Wanderers. Unless we see an unexpected change for the better, I am afraid that Notts will not finish in the first three. Bury are not going nearly so strongly, but they have obtained such a strong lead that they must now play very badly indeed before they can be overtaken. No club has done better in its recent matches than Woolwich Arsenal. Their defeat of Darwen by four goals to nil is a long way the best performance that has been accomplished against the Darwen Club this season. I shall not be at all surprised to find the Arsenal second or third in the League list.

In the Southern League the defeat of Luton Town by Royal Ordnance was a great surprise to those who had studied the previous form of the two clubs. The Ordnance are not a particularly skilful eleven, but they are just now playing with a dash and a determination that may upset many clubs with better reputations. Millwall still remain at the head of the League, and their last victory of four to one over Clapton shows that they are as strong as ever. Another club that is coming well up is Southampton St. Mary's.

CRICKET.

While I write, the first great representative match between England and Combined Australia is being played at Sydney. Excepting in the first match, when the Englishmen collapsed after being four days in the field under a broiling sun, Mr. Stoddart's team has performed splendidly. Already no fewer than six of the party have scored over a hundred runs each, while A. C. McLaren, the Lancashire captain, was fortunate enough to knock up 288 in one innings—a score which exactly ties with that of W. Gunn against Australia at Lord's a few years ago. This is the highest figure ever scored by an Englishman against Combined Australia. The following are the other notable scores: A. E. Stoddart, 149; A. Ward, 118 and 117; J. T. Brown, 117 and 115. Mr. Stoddart's average before the Australian match was something like 80 per innings, while A. C. McLaren had the extraordinary average of 114.

The Canadian Cricket Association have decided to send an eleven to England next year, provided that satisfactory financial arrangements are made. There are a number of first-class cricketers in Canada, but I doubt whether they could raise eleven men capable of holding their own against other than second-class English counties. I understand that George Lohmann is desirous of taking an English team to South Africa next winter. If he does so he has been promised 80 per cent. of the gross gates. It is not generally known that "our George" has grown a beard since he went to the Cape, nor is it yet quite settled whether he will assist Surrey next season, but the chances are that he will. It has now been definitely decided that fourteen first-class counties will participate in the cricket championship next season. Essex had great difficulty in arranging the eight necessary out-and-home fixtures, but at the meeting of cricket secretaries Somerset, Middlesex, and Lancashire generously offered to fill up the Essex card.

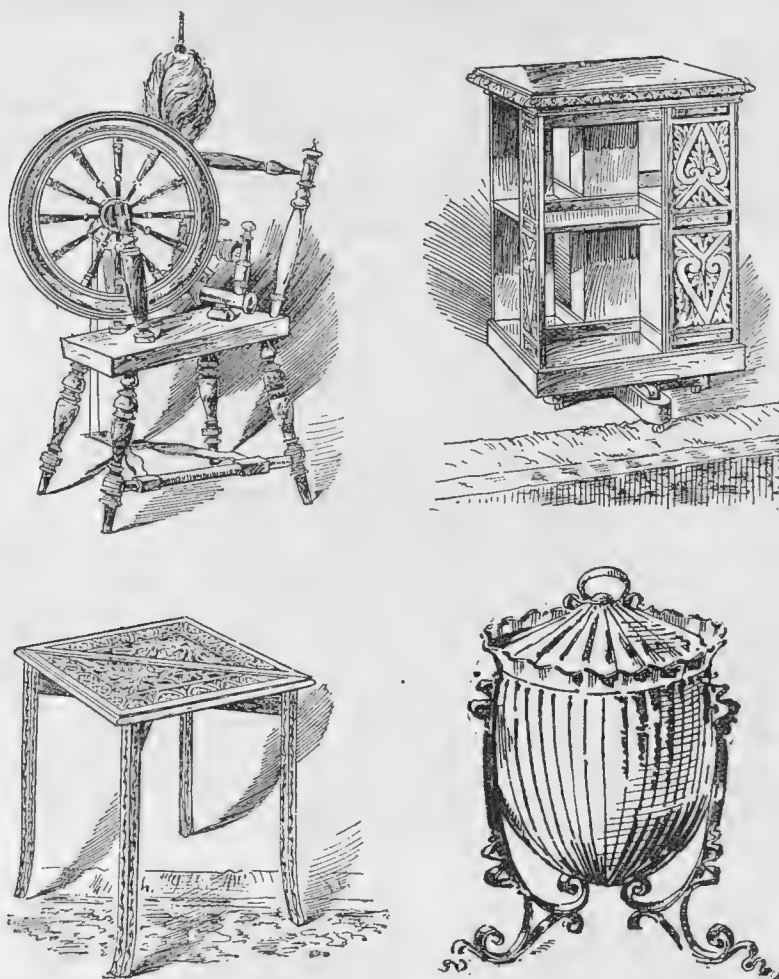
OLYMPIAN.

No greater evidence of the change that has come over the Englishman of late years in the matter of throwing off insular prejudice can be afforded than the way in which he has copied his neighbour in the matter of occasional dining out; and no better instance can be adduced of the manner in which that enterprising company, the Gordon Hotels, keeps pace with the spirit of the times than the provision they have made for the diner at their newly acquired Hôtel Victoria. Here they give each evening in their splendid large dining-room a capital dinner at the popular price of five shillings. And not only can the diner smoke his cigar at the dinner-table, but he can do so, the room being so lofty, without occasioning any annoyance to his fellow guests, and he has the pleasure of listening to the strains of an excellently conducted orchestra.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SHOPPING WITH SANTA CLAUS.

There is always a suggestion of sadness about every "last time," and Santa Claus and I waxed quite sentimental when we realised the fact that we were embarking upon the last voyage of discovery which we should take together for the space of one year, at any rate. However, we decided to make it a memorable occasion, and to beat our own record.



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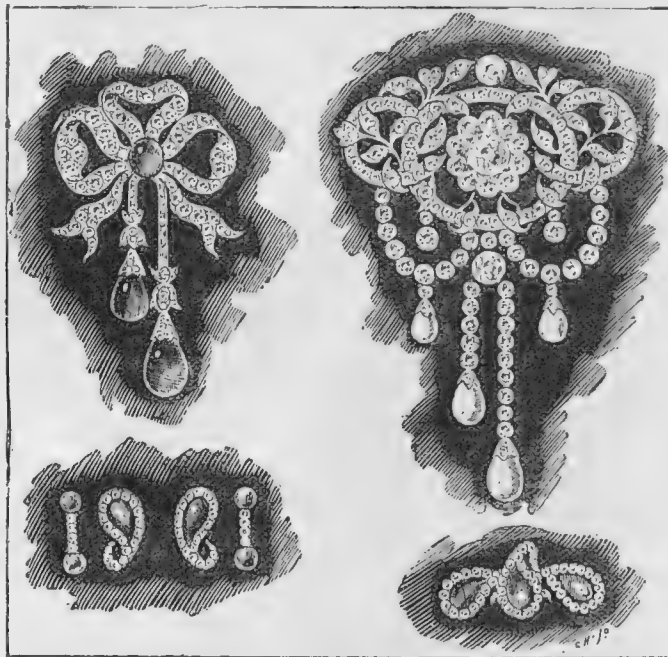
Therefore, hearken to our words of wisdom, and follow in our footsteps, which will, in the first instance, lead all such as have a weakness for old oak, or who number some of its lovers among their friends, to Hewetson's world-famed premises in Tottenham Court Road, there to revel in such a store of oaken treasures! First, let me mention a revolving bookcase in beautifully carved oak, which would be a welcome addition to almost any room, and if you feel generously disposed, and care to exceed the sum necessary for its purchase—fifty shillings—you could ensure it a double welcome by making it the bearer of some books by favourite authors. Then, as occasional tables are always in request, you would be quite safe in choosing either the diamond-shaped "Greyhound" table, which folds up into the smallest possible compass, or the "Arundel," a handsome and picturesque piece of carved oak furniture, both of which are wonderful value at a guinea. As for the carved oak spinning-wheel—which, by the way, is in perfect working order—there is a peculiar fascination about this quaint and picturesque relic of bygone days which would make anyone glad to expend seventy-five shillings upon its purchase, and I fancy a good many girls would only too gladly exercise a vast amount of time and trouble if they could become just sufficiently initiated into the mysteries of spinning to enable them to pose Marguerite fashion when occasion arose.

Antiquity is copied again, and most successfully, too, in a replica of an old arm-chair, which, with the aid of one or more of the downy cushions which modern luxuriousness demands, would make a particularly comfortable resting-place, and one which would, at the same time, be exceedingly pleasant to look upon. The price, too, is only 32s. 6d., so that need be no obstacle in the way of those to whom it commends itself; but, if you want a still more economical present, nothing could be better than the carved oak umbrella-stand (fitted with a zinc pan) which is to be had for 27s. 6d.

The combination of copper and iron is always most effective, and it is displayed to the very best advantage in the copper coal-vase, with its wrought-iron standards, which is a splendid specimen of what modern invention has considerably produced in the place of the old-time coal-scuttle, which could only be looked upon as a necessary evil. This particular coal-vase is priced at £3 5s., and is well worth that amount, I can assure you. And now with regard to the thousand-and-one

other equally attractive things, they are open to the inspection of every resident in London, while those whose abode is elsewhere can fall back upon the splendidly got-up catalogue, which, in its embossed leather cover, is a most attractive-looking publication as to the exterior, while the interior is a veritable mine of useful information for prospective householders on thoughts of furnishing intent, and with anything from £150 upwards to expend upon the complete furnishing of their future home; so, taking everything into consideration, a visit to Messrs. Hewetson's huge premises is an interesting experience.

And now, presuming that you have settled on sundry purchases in the way of furniture in Tottenham Court Road, suppose you turn next to Old Bond Street, and, once there, you will hardly need to be told to stop at Number 25, where Mr. J. W. Benson's wondrous array of diamonds on their background of rich yellow velvet will infallibly act as a magnet for all feminine eyes, and a good many masculine ones, too, as far as that goes; and yet, the glories displayed in the window are only a foretaste of what awaits you inside, where you had better follow me as speedily as may be, if you want your eyes to be gladdened by a sight of some positively glorious emeralds, the beauty of which will appeal to you as it never has done before, for the manner of their setting is absolutely unique, and marvellously effective. I never realised what an emerald was capable of till I saw these pear-shaped, round, or square stones, which the depreciation of the rupee in value has induced the natives of India to part with in greater quantities than they have ever done before, for the emerald in its uncut and smoothly polished state is to them the symbol of good luck, and they are consequently loath to part with it, preferring to keep it for their personal adornment as long as is in any way possible. However, our turn has come now, and I fancy that it will not be allowed to slip by without every effort being made to take advantage of it. And be it noted for your comfort that Mr. Benson's prices for these emerald and diamond novelties are surprisingly and pleasingly moderate—for instance, there is a charming little gold safety-pin lace brooch, on which rests an emerald-leaved shamrock, with a diamond of goodly size flashing in the centre, and a little curling stalk closely set with tiny stones, and please realise the fact that it is only five guineas, and rejoice in the thought that it may be yours. The same design is also used on a gold bangle at the same price, so no one can say that these emeralds are reserved altogether for the favoured few. An exquisite design is the three-loop tie bow in diamonds (which is sketched), with two great emeralds hanging from the ends, while another fastens the bow together in the centre; and quaintly pretty is a dainty little brooch, with an emerald centre guarded at each side by a diminutive diamond wing. Another of the pretty things sketched is the brooch formed of three lotus leaves in emeralds, surrounded by diamonds, and it seems only fitting that the typical stone of India should be used to represent the leaf of its typical flower; and to add to the illusion, Mr. Benson puts up these brooches in the daintiest little cases covered with Indian silk, about which there still lingers a faint indescribable perfume, while sleeve-links, treated in the same way, are pretty and novel enough even to excite admiration in the most apathetic of men. Thus has Mr. Benson utilised the quaint shapes of the emeralds and adapted



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them to modern tastes and requirements without in the least interfering with their individuality, and there are dozens of other equally lovely designs to share in your admiration; but you must leave a little for the dainty things in enamel and pearls, notably the muff-chains, which are veritable things of beauty, and greatly to be desired, while as for the

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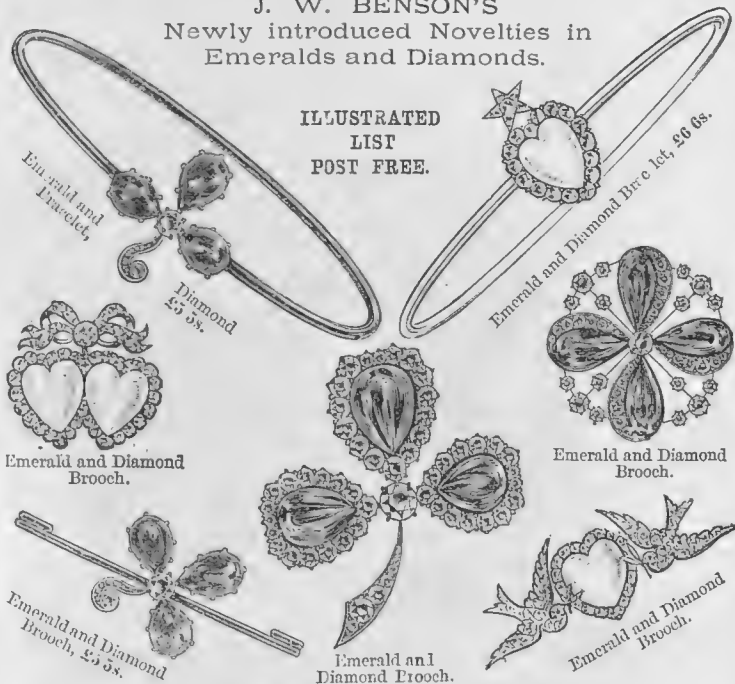
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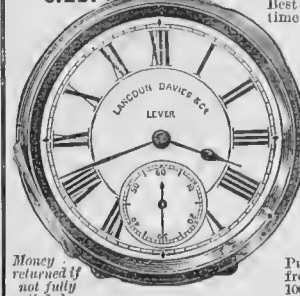
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AN EVENING RUFFLE.

bouquet being tied up in orthodox fashion with broad ribbon; which in this case is composed of more diamonds. Truly, Mr. Benson is keeping up his already high reputation as a novelty-producer, and making 25, Old Bond Street, a veritable magnet as regards attractiveness. The old-fashioned stomacher brooches, too, are coming into vogue again, as, indeed, are most of the old-fashioned things, and small wonder, for look at the wonderful beauty of the one illustrated, which is in a Louis XIV.



AN ORIGINAL TOQUE.

design, and in which some perfectly beautiful pearls are used with excellent effect. It is a superb piece of workmanship, and is calculated to make every woman who sees it break the tenth commandment on the spot, and as I do not think that you could possibly find anything more beautiful, we will let that be our last memory at Mr. Benson's, and pass on to fresh fields and pastures new, though I am quite sure that you will not be able to do so till you have made sure, by judicious hints to husband or fiancé, of one or more of Mr. Benson's productions coming your way this Christmas-time.

And suppose that, for the sake of the variety which is always charming when obtainable, we think next of some presents which sisters or girl friends might make to each other with mutual advantage, for who would not welcome a new winter hat or toque, or the latest novelty from Paris in the shape of a neck ruffle? Naturally, when in search of such things, I paid a visit to Madame Yorke's charmingly fitted-up salons at 40, Conduit Street, and found that, as usual, she had all manner of lovely things, notably an evening ruffle, composed of white satin ribbon and accordion-pleated chiffon, a great saffron-hued rose in crinkled silk and the softest velvet nestling at each side in the filmy folds. It was so lovely that I simply had to have it sketched for you; and neither could I resist the most original toque which I have ever seen, and which was composed of ivy-leaves in green watered velvet, which gave the veined appearance to perfection, while at each side there was a wing-like arrangement of black net, sewn with closely clustering lines of steel sequins, a perfect finishing touch being given by one waxen-petalled gardenia, with its attendant glossy leaves, and one tiny bud, which rested against the hair in front. To complete the effect, a ruffle of black chiffon should be worn, adorned at each side with two more gardenias, and with short ends of filmy lace in front. Another most tempting toque was of black chenille, trimmed with folds of pink mirror velvet and full-blown pink roses, a large *chou* of coque feathers being placed at each side. And then there was the loveliest muff of green accordion-pleated velvet, tied in with black satin ribbon, and made in much the same fashion as Miss Violet Vanbrugh's going-away muff, which Madame Yorke made for her, together with the accompanying hat. It will be stale news to most of you, I expect, that this same clever milliner made the white felt hats, with turquoise-blue velvet crowns, and trimmings of white ostrich plumes, which were worn last week by Lady Margaret Grosvenor's bridesmaids. However, it is another proof of her popularity, so it is worth mentioning.

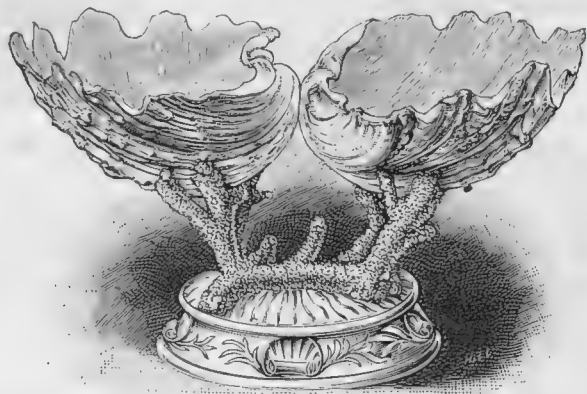
Santa Claus was a little out of his element amid all these feminine surroundings, but he was more at home when I took him on to 62, New Bond Street, and instantly, and without the slightest show of resistance, he fell a ready victim to the all-conquering "Rhine Violets," that scent



A LOVELY SACHET.

which practically becomes a necessity to anyone who has once enjoyed its wonderful haunting fragrance, which is the perfection of delicacy, though it is particularly lasting. I cannot imagine any more delightful Christmas present than a large twenty-shilling bottle of this absolutely perfect scent, though you can get it from three shillings a bottle. The maker, F. Müllers, whose name is so closely connected with the famous "4711" eau-de-Cologne, has just brought out another new scent, "Maréchal Niel," to wit, and this, again, has so caught the exquisite fragrance of its floral namesake that it is likely to run "Rhine Violets" close in popular favour. The "4711" lavender water, too, is equally noteworthy; but, apart from the scents—which, of course, take first place—Mr. R. J. Reuter (Mr. Müllers' London agent) is provided with one of the most alluring stocks of dainty novelties which could possibly be collected together in one place. To begin with, there are bonbonnières, scent-bottles, and vinaigrettes, and a dozen other pretty trifles carried out in ruby-coloured Bohemian glass covered with gold filigree, and in some cases further adorned with enamel medallions; and the prices will astonish you, I can promise, for they are moderation itself, a remark which also applies to a goodly stock of letter-cases, bags, purses, cigar-cases, and so on *ad libitum*, all composed of the finest crocodile skin in a beautiful shade of green, with silver-gilt mounts. Then I quite lost my heart to some compact little leather cases containing spirit lamp, ivory-handled folding curling-tongs, and plated flask for holding a store of methylated spirits, and all complete for 27s. 6d. A diminutive nickle-plated case filled with a tablet of solid powder, a dainty little powder-puff and mirror lid, is only 3s. 6d., a very low price to pay for such a valuable aid to beauty; and as for the sachets, they are exquisite, as witness the one sketched, which is of pink satin lined with quilted white satin, and most artistically hand-painted with a group of dear wee birds, which are poised on a spray of delicate pink roses. When you are there, be sure you look also at the cases containing six bottles of the "4711" eau-de-Cologne, done up in daintiest fashion with a presentation photograph of some Swedish belle, which is included in the price of fifteen shillings, or in plain cases, minus the photos, twelve shillings.

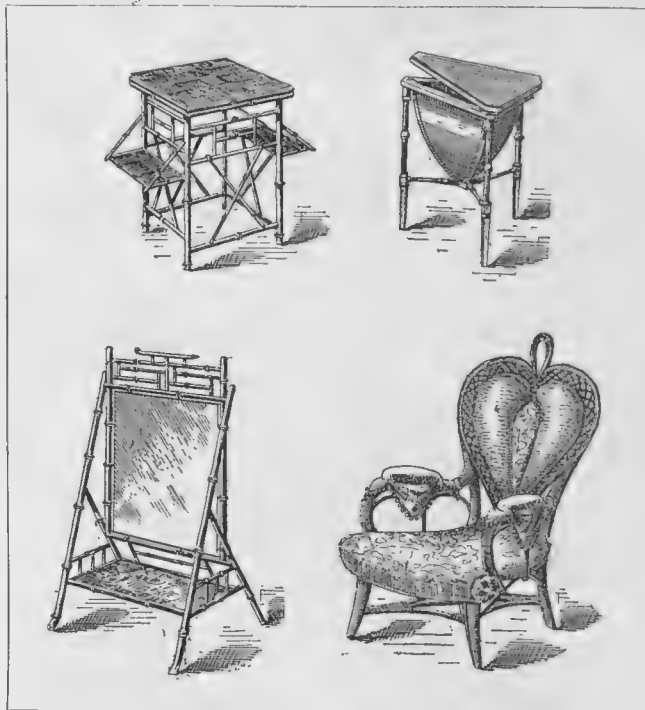
Naturally we could not consider our final round of visits complete unless we paid a call on Messrs. Osler, at 100, Oxford Street, for here we were sure of finding ideal Christmas presents in the form of all that is most daintily lovely in china and glass, both for practical use and purposes of adornment. Nor were we disappointed, for, first of all, there was Messrs. Osler's special novelty, the "Shell" table-decoration, of which I told you some time since, and which has already become immensely popular. In every imaginable shape and size, and at prices ranging from two shillings upwards, these dainty vases, elaborate centre-pieces, and graceful side ornaments are perfectly beautiful and artistic, either when carried out in



pure white Coalport china, or when the shells, faintly dusted with gold, are poised on branches of coral in a lovely natural shade of pink. In the latter case the prices are, of course, somewhat higher, but in every instance they are distinctly moderate. Filled with flowers or ferns—sand being used in the latter case instead of soil—they form a peculiarly effective and charming decoration for the table, and their infinite variety of form is an additional attraction. So, here, ready to your hand is an ideal Christmas present, which might, indeed, do duty for every one of your friends and relations, and be sure of meeting with

some so-called "smoked chrysoprase," which forms a most effective background for sprays of maidenhair fern in gold, the smallest vases being obtainable for as low a sum as 2s. 3d.; and then be sure you see a centre-piece, which has a mirror-plateau, from which rise convoluted-shaped vases, with entwined sprays of ivy-leaves in gold. Anything more graceful or unconventionally artistic you could not possibly find. There are some pretty things, too, in silver and glass, notably a heart-shaped butter-dish, with a wee bow at the top in silver laurel-leaves, this being priced at a guinea, while the accompanying diminutive silver butter-knife is four shillings; sweetmeat dishes with open-work silver handles are obtainable for the same sum, and handsome cut-glass scent-bottles, with hinged silver tops, at a guinea and 27s. 6d. And then, out of all the other lovely things which are practically numberless, I must, just in conclusion, give the highest award of merit to some new and perfectly unique vases in Limoges ware, on which, against a wonderfully soft and beautiful cloud background in powder-blue and white, appear the flying forms of great storks and graceful seagulls.

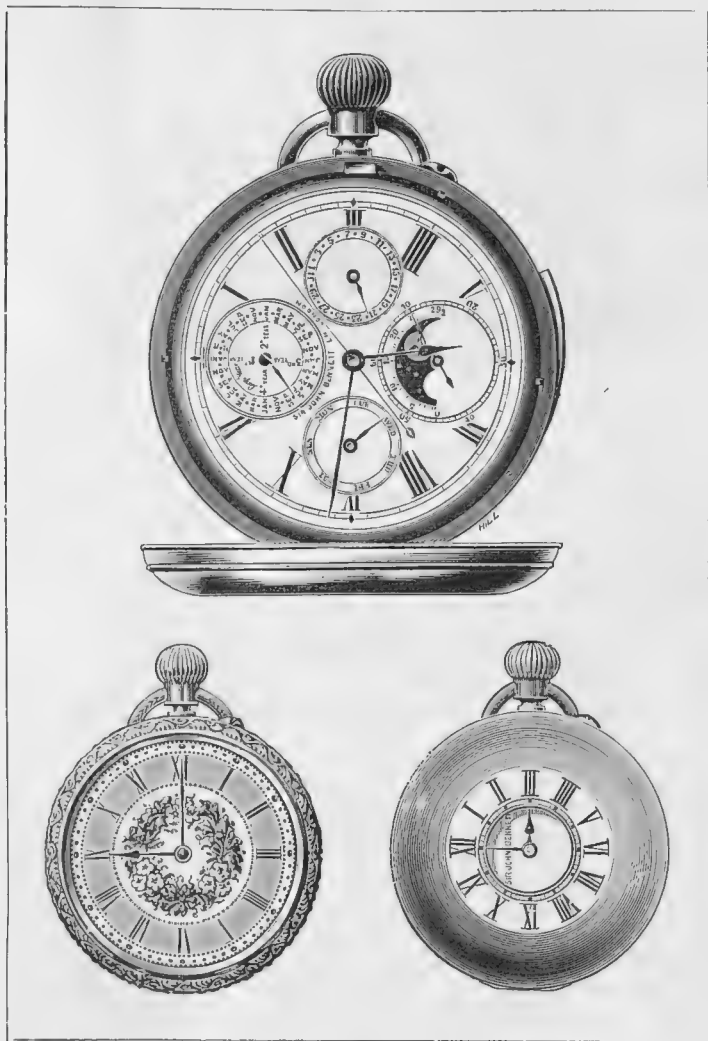
As for me, I realised, when I got away from these enthralling surroundings, that I had been distinctly and wickedly neglectful in one respect, and, as this conviction forced itself upon me, I dragged Santa Claus off to 65, Cheapside, and there, amid the ticking of endless watches, and the melodious chiming of every imaginable kind of clock, I made my apologies to Sir John Bennett for leaving his world-famed watches out in the cold so long; for what, in these days, when a watch is as much a necessity as a hat, could possibly form a more useful present than one of Sir John Bennett's productions, which, let it be cheap or dear, is sure to be perfect when it bears his name. Speaking of cheapness, what could be more wonderful than the lady's gold keyless watch, a perfect time-keeper, beautifully engraved, and absolutely air, damp, and dust proof, which is priced at eight pounds in gold, and five in silver?—those who like a plainer watch being provided for by



the second of the two illustrated, which is actually only ten pounds. As Sir John Bennett makes a great feature of a lady's gold keyless watch, richly engraved, and good to look upon generally, as well as being a perfect timekeeper, and prices this at five pounds, and as between five pounds and £250 there is a great gulf fixed—which is, however, bridged over in this case by every imaginable intervening price—you may gain some idea of the extent and variety of Sir John Bennett's stock. As in watches so in clocks, some of the most notable for Christmas-present purposes being travelling-clocks and marble dining-room clocks, both of which commence at twenty shillings, while, of course, you can, on the other hand, indulge in the most costly and beautiful specimens of the clockmaker's art, in some of which the clock is made the most prominent feature, just as in others it plays a subordinate part, as far as appearance is concerned, to some elaborately beautiful design. To make a long story short, there is no possible variety of clock or watch, at any imaginable price, which you cannot get at 65, Cheapside, and the mere fact that you obtain it there is sufficient guarantee for its general excellence.

The next thing—I shall not ask you to take many more journeys—is to come to Westminster Bridge Road, and there to inspect that portion of Messrs. Atkinson's huge stock which lends itself specially to the requirements of present-seekers. Everybody knows this firm by name, and the fame of their goods is such that no recommendation of mine is necessary, so all I will do is to tell you of about half-a-dozen special bargains, which will inevitably lead you to Westminster Bridge Road, and then the rest I leave to Messrs. Atkinson and your own appreciation of what is good, pretty, and cheap. Take first the brown wicker chair sketched, which is, as I think you will allow, a distinct novelty, difficult as such a thing is to obtain nowadays. The heart-

[Continued on page 389.]



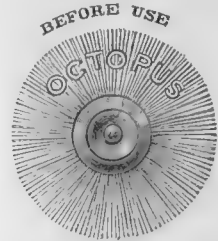
delighted approval from each one. I should also advise you to look out for some of the daintiest possible afternoon tea-sets—one with quaintly shaped sugar-basin, cream-jug, and tea-pot, and cups and saucers for two, being in white china, over which sprays of faint-hued violets are scattered, the pretty little tray being of the same china. The price, 17s. 6d., comes as a very pleasant surprise, and if you want to provide six people with the wherewithal to enjoy a cup of the cheering beverage, you should expend 47s. 6d. on another set in white, gold-dusted china, with a design of cornflowers; and these are, of course, but two examples out of dozens. In the way of glass, one of the prettiest novelties is

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF THE PUBLIC.

SPECIAL.

The following well-known Ironmongers are now EXHIBITING in the WINDOWS of their respective establishments samples of the Patent "OCTOPUS" Anti-Incrustator and the Patent "SANITARY" Sink Basket, and will be pleased to supply full information and Illustrated Circulars on application.

We feel sure that many who read our numerous advertisements will be pleased to know where they can procure our goods in their own neighbourhood, thus saving the COST OF CARRIAGE, which they now have to pay if goods are ordered direct from ourselves. Note.—The next list of Ironmongers' names will appear in *To-Day*, Dec. 29.



THE PATENT

'OCTOPUS' ANTI-INCRUSTATOR

Automatically collects the "FUR" in Kettles, Kitchen Boilers, and Pipes.

Sherbourne House, Northleach, Glos.,
June 5, 1894.
Lord Sherbourne wishes to have two Anti-Incrustators put in a high-pressure kitchen boiler. Those he has in use have proved of great service.

PRICES.	
No. 1. Kettle and Urn Size	2s. 6d.
2. Small Kitchen Boiler Size	5s. 0d.
3. Medium " "	7s. 6d.

Carrigoran, Newmarket-on-Fergus,
Co. Clare,
Aug. 13, 1894.
Lady Fitzgerald enclosed a Postal Order for 15s. She finds the "Octopus" most useful both for boiler and kettle.



NO PLACE SO DANGEROUS AS THE KITCHEN SINK!

"SANITARY" SINK BASKET,

which stands in corner of Kitchen Sink, retains all solid matter from dirty water thrown into it, and keeps waste pipes always clean. PREVENTS BAD ODOURS.

SEVERAL OTHER SIZES AND SHAPES IN STOCK.



Peveril House, Burton, Feb. 13, 1894.
Miss Gretton is so pleased with the Sink Basket that she will be much obliged if Messrs. Langstaffe & Co. will send her another. Miss Gretton thinks the Sink Basket cannot be too highly spoken of, and she has already told many people about it.

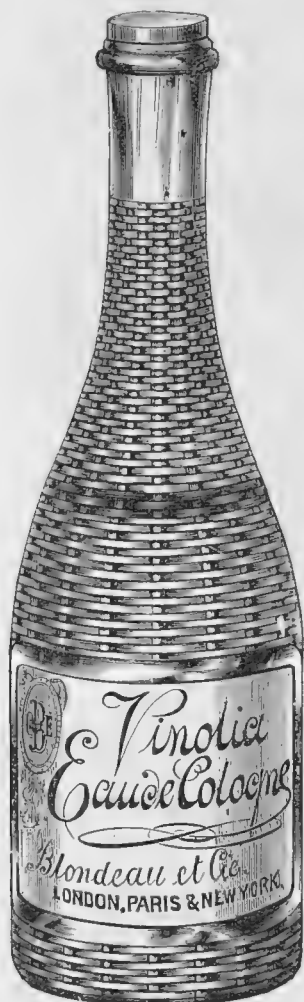
PRICES.

No.	Size	Enamelled White on Iron	Enamelled Brown on Copper
No. 1.	9-in.	1/6	2/3
" 2.	10 1/2-in.	2/-	2/9
" 3.	12-in.	2/6	3/3
" 4.	Semicircular shape, 14-in. at back	2/6	3/3

LIST OF IRONMONGERS EXHIBITING OUR GOODS IN THEIR WINDOWS.

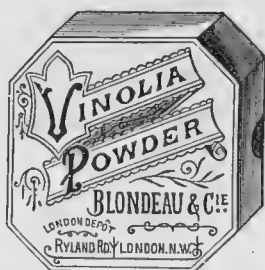
ABERDEEN ..	M. Morgan, Birmingham House	ABERDEEN ..	W. Shirras, School Hill	ABERDEEN ..	W. P. Booth, 62, George St.	ABERDEEN ..	W. Walker & Son, 26 and 28, Netherkirkgate	ALDERSHOT ..	James D. Card, 79, High St.	ALDERSHOT (Hants) ..	Thomas Lynn, 7, Bridge St.	ALDERSHOT ..	James Cuthbert [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Jas. Fullerton, 30 & 32, Glasgow	ALDERSHOT ..	Alexander Wallace	ALDERSHOT ..	Whitcomb Bros., 47, Market St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. U. Bugler	ALDERSHOT ..	Stephen W. Evans	ALDERSHOT ..	P. M. Scanlon	ALDERSHOT ..	J. H. Denham, 18 & 19, Church	ALDERSHOT ..	S. & E. H. Hood	ALDERSHOT ..	John Mitchell & Co. [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	T. M. Kingston & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	Phillips & Pearce, 31, Milson	ALDERSHOT ..	C. Lee & Sons, 12, Stall St.	ALDERSHOT ..	E. Masters, Market Place	ALDERSHOT ..	C. Weeks & Sons	ALDERSHOT ..	Oscar Jones & Co., 7, Victoria Bldgs., Beckenham Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	T. Craddock, 60, Bromham Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	T. E. Osborne, 10-14, Lombard St., and 1, Douglas St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Rich. Patterson & Co., 57-59, High St. [Castle St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	David Mitchell, 8, 10, 12, & 14, M'Koon & Co., 88, Ann St. [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Thompson Bros., 41 & 43, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	B. H. Gault, 1, The Parade	ALDERSHOT ..	Palmer Bros. [Argyle St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Hinson & Co., Ltd., 69 and 71, G. Watkinson, 251, Grand Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	R. H. Johnson, The Market, and 127, Oxton Rd. [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Parker & Winder, 51 & 52, Broad	ALDERSHOT ..	R. Pollock & Son, 9, Smallbrook St.	ALDERSHOT ..	S. Ward, Graham, Villa Cross (Solehill) John Langslow, High St. [Bull St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Evans & Matthews, 79 and 80, Edwin T. Taylor, Copely Bldgs., Gravelly Hill	ALDERSHOT ..	H. Smith, 18 & 19, Hockley Hill	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Kilburn & Sykes, 21, Newgate St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Hayes & Co., 14, Main St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. H. Aish, 71, Old Christchurch Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	Bacon & Curtis, 9, Regent's Terr. [Wood Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Kitchner Bros., 1 & 2, St. John's Ridley & Co., Bedford Place	ALDERSHOT ..	Bayley & Beecching, Dene House, Poole Hill	ALDERSHOT ..	Scott & Scott, Westbourne	ALDERSHOT ..	H. Daydon, Lansdowne	ALDERSHOT ..	C. Wills & Son, Birmingham House, Westbourne	ALDERSHOT ..	Taylor & Parsons, Bank St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Edward Beggs, 109, Main St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. E. Nott & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	Thompson Bros., Cornhill	ALDERSHOT ..	J. K. Nichols, 22, East St.	ALDERSHOT ..	C. G. Reed & Son, 26, North St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Farncombe, 50, Preston Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	Walter Harris, 10, Western Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. & C. Davis, 38 and 39, St. James's St.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. Greeney, The Stores, 23 and 25, St. George's Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. B. Robinson & Sons, 19, Western Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	T. Oxtley, 46, Park St.	ALDERSHOT ..	R. Houghton, 1, St. Augustine's Parade [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Palmer & Sons, 58, Queen's	ALDERSHOT ..	Frank K. Dodd, 1, York St.	ALDERSHOT ..	G. Weeks & Sons, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	R. W. Hudson, St. Mary St.	ALDERSHOT ..	L. S. Hauser	ALDERSHOT ..	Bindley's (Ltd.), 167, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Jaeger, 7 and 8, Cornhill	ALDERSHOT ..	J. E. Lambert & Co., 75, Spring Gardens	ALDERSHOT ..	G. Shippit, 52, Sydney St.	ALDERSHOT ..	A. Mackintosh & Sons	ALDERSHOT ..	Court Bros, 6, 11, 12, Buttery Lane	ALDERSHOT ..	W. H. Allen & Co., 8, St. John's	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Williams & Co., Queen St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Cairns & Co., 88, English St.	ALDERSHOT ..	G. F. Brown & Co., 23 and 25, English St.	ALDERSHOT ..	A. Morris & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	Janet Davis, Fowey Works	ALDERSHOT ..	Thomas White, Fore St.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. Baughan	ALDERSHOT ..	H. Cleale, 5 and 91, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	P. W. Wilkins, 10, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Robert St. Paul, Montpelier	ALDERSHOT ..	Wright's Ironmongery Stores, High St. and Henrietta St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Herring & Son	ALDERSHOT ..	Thomas Wood & Son [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Lewis Williams, 55, Bridge	ALDERSHOT ..	Eyre & Sons, Ltd., Kidlington	ALDERSHOT ..	A. Ballard, 7 and 8, East St.	ALDERSHOT ..	A. J. Cutler, Southgate	ALDERSHOT ..	L. J. Williams, 168, High Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. J. Joslin	ALDERSHOT ..	Williams & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Muirhead, 3, Winthrop St.	ALDERSHOT ..	John Perry & Sons, Ltd.	ALDERSHOT ..	Hammond & Hussey, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. & G. Haywood, 16, Mkt. Pl.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Vignar Harris, Torpoint	ALDERSHOT ..	Foster, Lott, & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	John Hazel, High West St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Stone & Turner, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	M. Sharp, 24, Prospect Hill	ALDERSHOT ..	Chapman & Walker, 3, King St.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. Harbison, 33 & 34, West St.	ALDERSHOT ..	John Collins, Shop St.	ALDERSHOT ..	L. F. Brannigan, 18, Shop St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Edmundson's Furnishing	ALDERSHOT ..	Engineering Co., Ltd.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. C. Meyers, Rathgar [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Fletcher & Phillipson, Baggot	ALDERSHOT ..	Hampton, Leeson, & Co., 50, Henry St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Birney, 45, Mary St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Thomas McKenzie & Sons, Ltd., 212, Gt. Brunswick St.	ALDERSHOT ..	R. G. Gatchell & Son, 7, Dawson St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Hughes Bros. & Co., 23, Dawson St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Weir, 21, Upper Baggot St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Gray & Son, 9, Whitehall St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Sinclair & Ewing, 28, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Jackson, 20 & 21, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Arthur Dennis, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Palmer Harding, Jun. [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	T. Knight & Co., 36, Terminus	ALDERSHOT ..	Brading & Duffield, Grove Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	A. & C. Bridgland	ALDERSHOT ..	J. & S. G. George St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Shildad & Sons, 12, Shandwick Place	ALDERSHOT ..	R. Adams & Son, 14, East Maitland St. [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	J. C. Steedman, 42, Newington	ALDERSHOT ..	David Foulis, 61, George St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Gardner Bros.	ALDERSHOT ..	John Lemon & Son	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Cottis & Son	ALDERSHOT ..	W. G. Stewart, 122, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Whippell Bros. & Row, 231 and 232, G. Darby	ALDERSHOT ..	James Young & Sons	ALDERSHOT ..	C. Francis, 69, High St., and 3, Tontine St. [Place]	ALDERSHOT ..	Penny & Son, 10 and 11, Market	ALDERSHOT ..	M. Clowry & Sons, Ship St.	ALDERSHOT ..	M. Clowry, 10, Williams Gate St. [Cross Mansions]	ALDERSHOT ..	The Stores, 9 and 10, Charing	ALDERSHOT ..	R. Wylie, Hill & Co., 20, Buchanan St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Chalmers & Son, 65, Union St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Cooper & Co., 20, Howard St.	ALDERSHOT ..	R. Simpson & Sons, Jamaica St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Shaw, Walker, & Co., 14 to 18, Union St.	ALDERSHOT ..	R. E. Wright & Co., 1 and 3, R. T.osh, Sons, & Cross, 197 and 201, Buchanan St.	ALDERSHOT ..	P. W. Vales	ALDERSHOT ..	Carl, Gill, & Carl	ALDERSHOT ..	George Jones	ALDERSHOT ..	H. Pink, 54, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	B. & S. Mill, Market Place	ALDERSHOT ..	H. E. Kerridge, 185, King	ALDERSHOT ..	W. G. Stewart, 14, West Black-	ALDERSHOT ..	Hy. Goldard, 44, Cleethorpe	ALDERSHOT ..	James Duke	ALDERSHOT ..	H. Watson & Co., 176 and 191, Frenam St. [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Alfred James, 304, Cleethorpe	ALDERSHOT ..	Carl, Gill, & Carl, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	R. Shillingford & Co., 135 and 136, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	T. Hodges, Station Parade	ALDERSHOT ..	Alderton Keen & Co., 18, Robertson St. [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	T. Southcombe, Wellington	ALDERSHOT ..	T. E. Long, 6 & 7, Bank Bldgs.	ALDERSHOT ..	T. G. Allan, 9 & 11, St. Clyde St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. S. Smith	ALDERSHOT ..	W. S. Brett & Son, East St.	ALDERSHOT ..	King and Co., Limited	ALDERSHOT ..	G. B. Blanchard, 15, White-	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Penelove, 66, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	John Chisholm, Falcon Ware-	ALDERSHOT ..	house, and 8, Academy St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. H. Hews, 15 & 17, Butter Mkt.	ALDERSHOT ..	Hooper & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	K. Henders, Ltd., High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Thomas Power & Son	ALDERSHOT ..	E. Burke, 111, Upper George St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Ceres Iron Works, Ltd., Retail Dept., Fife Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. J. Ireland, 115, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	S. W. Jones, 3, Cheapside	ALDERSHOT ..	Burgis & Colbourne	ALDERSHOT ..	Alfred Baker, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Hirst & Leech, 70, Bridge	ALDERSHOT ..	Barrett and Russell, 4, Albion	ALDERSHOT ..	T. Briggs & Sons, top of	ALDERSHOT ..	Vipan & Healdy, 14, Gallow-	ALDERSHOT ..	Cort and Paul, Market Pl.	ALDERSHOT ..	Knight & Freeman, Welford	ALDERSHOT ..	G. F. Green	ALDERSHOT ..	Jno. Meikle & Son, 4, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Lowdell, Cooper & Co. [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	G. J. Wightman, 89 & 90, High	ALDERSHOT ..	H. H. Kenton, High Bridge	ALDERSHOT ..	Hugh Kirkwood, Market Sq.	ALDERSHOT ..	Ockenden Bros., High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	MacSymon & Co., Dean St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Higgs & Smith, 46, Lord St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Wm. Bridson, 48, Bold St.	ALDERSHOT ..	M. Wilson, 33 & 34, White-	ALDERSHOT ..	J. E. Nott & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Smith, 6 Whittington Av.	ALDERSHOT ..	O'Brien, Thomas & Co., 123, Queen Victoria St.	ALDERSHOT ..	G. Day, 2, Orchard St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Draper & Son, 67, Gt. Tichfield St., Oxford St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Allonby & Co., 347 and 349, Edgware Rd. [Court Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Andrews & Co., Tottenham	ALDERSHOT ..	The Domestic Appliances Co., 40, Hart St., Bloomsbury	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Kendall, 7, St. Martin's St., Leicester Sq.	ALDERSHOT ..	F. G. Watkins, 336, Kennington Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	A. E. Beeny, 43, Tulse Hill [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	F. Nicholas, 71, Balham High	ALDERSHOT ..	Cooper's Stores, 412, Brixton Rd. [Brixton Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Frank Martin & Co., 502, Clark's Stores, 18 and 24, Stamford Hill	ALDERSHOT ..	Pugh Bros., 97 & 99, Holloway	ALDERSHOT ..	N. (S'v'n Sisters) Rd. H. Quilter & Son, 226 and 228	ALDERSHOT ..	G. Andrews & Son, 8	ALDERSHOT ..	Clifford's Stores, Stroud Green	ALDERSHOT ..	F. Follow, 313, Upper St. [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	E. & F. Harrow, 54, Kings-	ALDERSHOT ..	Land High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	C. J. Sayers, 3, Clapton Pav-	ALDERSHOT ..	G. T. Bazley, 25, Old Town	ALDERSHOT ..	R. G. Rice & Son, 108, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	F. C. Nicholas, 86, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. B. Deeny, 63, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. G. Davis & Co., 1, The Crouch End	ALDERSHOT ..	Hill & Co. [Pavement]	ALDERSHOT ..	F. J. Ward, 9, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Henry Cornick, 61, Heath St.	ALDERSHOT ..	S. Hussey, 1, Cheapside	ALDERSHOT ..	S. Hussey, 2 and 3, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	John Masham & Sons, 12, Highbury Park [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	A. Edwards, 72, Mountgrove	ALDERSHOT ..	J. B. Brooks, 137, Turnpike	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Appleton, Post Office Lane	ALDERSHOT ..	R. Segar, 226, High Rd. [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	A. P. Hardyment, 112, High	ALDERSHOT ..	Maris Nash, 24, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	R. H. & J. Pearson, Ltd.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Butler, 219 and 221, Finchley	ALDERSHOT ..	E. T. Morris, 19, King's College	ALDERSHOT ..	C. G. Beasley, 72, High St. [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	F. Chubb, 15, St. Andrews	ALDERSHOT ..	J. R. Roberts, Stores, Ltd.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Pringle, 61, Westow St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Knowlman Bros., 17, Junction Rd. [High St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	H. K. Mopsey & Co., 24 and 25, E. P. Harrow, 114, West End Lane [Hill Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	R. W. Hayward, 54, Knight's	ALDERSHOT ..	T. E. Osborne, 18, Shipway St.	ALDERSHOT ..	T. J. Smiley, Waterloo Place	ALDERSHOT ..	R. Leach, Harbour Stores	ALDERSHOT ..	William Lee Gates, George St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Ottewill & Sons, Ltd.	ALDERSHOT ..	S. Wilson & Co., 50, King St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Robert Kitching, 109, Shudehill	ALDERSHOT ..	Samuel Turner, Waterfoot	ALDERSHOT ..	Leech Bros. & Co., 20, Old Millgate	ALDERSHOT ..	H. Luke, 14, Brazenose Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. P. Hodges, 33, Wilmslow Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. E. H. Brks	ALDERSHOT ..	Johnson & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	Coles Bros., 95 & 97, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	T. Bentley & Co., 31, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Frederick Gould, 11, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	James J. Aird, Main St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Exors. of P. Dodgson, Sen-	ALDERSHOT ..	house St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Walton & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	M. J. Ventresca, 23, Sussex St.	ALDERSHOT ..	John Livingston & Sons, Zetland Works	ALDERSHOT ..	William Clarke, Pedder St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Nomeny & Son, Earl St.	ALDERSHOT ..	William Furler & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	Mather and Tonlyn	ALDERSHOT ..	Ernest Harris, 3 & 4, Broadway	ALDERSHOT ..	Emley & Sons, Limited, 42 and 44, Westgate Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. Frederick & Son, Limited, 55, Westgate Rd. [Grey St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	J. H. Harrison, 44 & 46	ALDERSHOT ..	A. R. Golding [Merical St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	W. A. Baker & Co., 7 & 8 Com-	ALDERSHOT ..	Johnson & Wright, Gold St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Snr. Tansley, 13, The Parade	ALDERSHOT ..	Poole Bros., Castle St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Theobald, Johnson, & Burton	ALDERSHOT ..	H. P. Colman & Co., Rampan	ALDERSHOT ..	W. H. Lacon & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	John Minshall & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. W. & E. Sowman, Market	ALDERSHOT ..	Pl. and 90, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Gill & Co., 5, High St. [Av.]	ALDERSHOT ..	William W. Ellis, 14, Palace	ALDERSHOT ..	Robt. Eadie & Co., 12, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Scher & Sons, Station Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	Garvie & Syms, 42 & 79, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. H. Allen & Co., Market Sq.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Whitehead, 9, Fishergate	ALDERSHOT ..	J. B. Hallmark & Sons, 114, Fishergate	ALDERSHOT ..	Pryce & Judd, 24, Queen St.	ALDERSHOT ..	C. Lednor, 53 and 55, King St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Cunningham, 39, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Beeson & Sons, Church St.	ALDERSHOT ..	B. R. Wigglesworth, 27, Market Place [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	W. H. Allen & Co., 246, Castle	ALDERSHOT ..	J. H. King	ALDERSHOT ..	Colles & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	Norman Halls, Market Place	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Woods, 29 and 27, Cross St.	ALDERSHOT ..	S. W. Brown, 3, St. Peter St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Uph & Ruston	ALDERSHOT ..	Alderton & Keen & Co., London	ALDERSHOT ..	Braund & Amore, 19, Norman	ALDERSHOT ..	F. A. Holl, Silverhill [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Pentelove, 60, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Woodrow & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	T. Atkinson & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	Jacobs Bros., Market St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. W. Lathbury, 106 and 107 Westboro	ALDERSHOT ..	G. Humphrey, 132, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. Bramall, 11, Fargate, and Chapel Walk	ALDERSHOT ..	William Atkinson, 12, Elles-	ALDERSHOT ..	mere Road	ALDERSHOT ..	Henry F. Sale	ALDERSHOT ..	Shaker & Son, 69, Wyle Cop	ALDERSHOT ..	E. Watkins, The Stores	ALDERSHOT ..	Duffield & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	Lankester & Son, Ltd.	ALDERSHOT ..	G. Phillips & Co., 12, High St., and 3, 4, and 5, East St.	ALDERSHOT ..	T. Dowsett, High St. and Alexandra St. [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	J. C. Greenwood, 47, Eastbank	ALDERSHOT ..	R. M. Iddon, 83, London St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Southey, 43, King's Rd. [Rd.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Bowdman Bros., 35, Osborn	ALDERSHOT ..	T. C. Wheeler, 48, Russell St., and 18, Somers Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Knights, 5, Elm Grove	ALDERSHOT ..	Ingleas & Sons	ALDERSHOT ..	Thorn & Co. [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	J. W. Wilcocks, 14, St. Mary	ALDERSHOT ..	R. & W. Brownson, 31 and 36, Lower Hill Gate	ALDERSHOT ..	Blakelborough & Rhodes, 57, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Burckley's Store, 98, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. H. Toder, Church St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. O. Parker, Market Sq.	ALDERSHOT ..	William Folkard	ALDERSHOT ..	Newland & Scoph, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. W. Jones & Co., Waterside	ALDERSHOT ..	St. (High Rd.)	ALDERSHOT ..	Grubb & Willis, 120, Streatham	ALDERSHOT ..	A. Miller, Gloucester St., Bath	ALDERSHOT ..	Orttewill & Sons, Ltd. [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	Tonkinson & Bowdon, 10, Fawcett St.	ALDERSHOT ..	R. T. Vaux, 12, Fawcett St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Holmes & Son, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	C. Felton, The Parade	ALDERSHOT ..	A. Paton & Co., Castle St.	ALDERSHOT ..	S. Bunell, St. Helen's Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. W. Burden, 6, Bank St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. W. Gardner	ALDERSHOT ..	Holloway's Ironmongery	ALDERSHOT ..	Stores, 33, Fleet St.	ALDERSHOT ..	S. E. Hayward	ALDERSHOT ..	Desyton's Stores	ALDERSHOT ..	T. H. Kendall, 27, King St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Williams & Co., 115, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	E. Bright, 111, Wood St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Hudson & Co., 1, Mornington	ALDERSHOT ..	Kent & Son, Mkt. Sq. [Ter.]	ALDERSHOT ..	J. W. Mann	ALDERSHOT ..	R. O'Leary, 4, Barronstrand	ALDERSHOT ..	Davis & Wilcox	ALDERSHOT ..	W. F. E. Mann	ALDERSHOT ..	John Sibley	ALDERSHOT ..	Coles Bros., 7, Station Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. T. Laird, 3, Lynn St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. P. Curtis, 32, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	R. H. Shaw & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	Weybridge Furnishing Co., Queen's Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	Pearce & Herbert	ALDERSHOT ..	W. H. Surish & Co.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Aird, opposite the Fountain	ALDERSHOT ..	J. McRobert, Arnes Cres.	ALDERSHOT ..	Henly & Co., Market Place	ALDERSHOT ..	Sansom & Son, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. Stophor, 11A, Jewry St.	ALDERSHOT ..	T. M. Kingston & Co., 97, High	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Lloyd & Sons [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	B. Walters, 109, Main St.	ALDERSHOT ..	H. W. Gloster & Sons, Chob-	ALDERSHOT ..	ham Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. H. Howard, Broad St.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. U. Butler, Bell Works, Bell	ALDERSHOT ..	St., and 54, Victoria St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Alfred Barnes	ALDERSHOT ..	J. Frenking, 9, Allion Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	May & Co., Bridge St.	ALDERSHOT ..	G. Harrison, 84, High St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Thomas Page, 3, South St., and 145, Montagu St.	ALDERSHOT ..	Duffield & Son, 53, Chapel Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	W. W. Smith & Co., 96, Chapel Rd.	ALDERSHOT ..	J. C. Culmore Gittins, 7, Hope	ALDERSHOT ..	Neal & Williams [St.]	ALDERSHOT ..	R. & E. Bushell, Low Onsegate	ALDERSHOT ..	J. H. Shoukmin, 59, Mickle-	ALDERSHOT ..	gate	ALDERSHOT ..	G. W. Thompson, 22, Bootham
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If you do not live in any of the districts named above, order from your Ironmonger. If any difficulty in procuring, enclose 3 stamps extra for postage, and send to the Patentees and Sole Manufacturers, LANGSTAFFE, BANKS, & PECKOVER, 19 and 21, BURY STREET, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.



VINOLIA EAU DE COLOGNE
Containing the finest Essential
Oils,
1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.

Men of all ages like
VINOLIA SHAVING STICKS
AND CAKES.



VINOLIA POWDER.
A soluble, safe, rose-dusting
Powder for Roughness, Redness,
&c. A preparation no household
should be without. Prepared
in Pink, White, and Cream
Tints,
1s., 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s.



VINOLIA DENTIFRICE.
Keeps the teeth ivory white, soothing
to tender gums and sensitive teeth.
English, 2s. 6d.; American, 1s. 6d.:
No. 2 (in Metal Boxes, 6d. and 1s.



VINOLIA SOAP.
For Delicate, Sensitive, or Irritable Skins.
Premier, 4d.; Floral, 6d.; Balsamic (medical), 8d.;
Toilet (Otto), 10d.; and Vestal, 2s. 6d. per tablet.
Coal Tar, Terebene, Carbolic, and Sulphur,
4d. each, per tablet.



TOILET (OTTO).
For the Toilet.
2s. 6d. per box of
3 tablets.



LYPSYLL.
For Dry, Rough, Cracked, or
Pallid Lips.
Rose Red, and White Tints,
6d. and 1s.
In boxes and silver metal tubes.



BALSAMIC (MEDICAL).
For the Bath.
2s. per box or 3 tablets.



VINOLIA BRILLIANTINE.
Does not leave the hair greasy and
sticky.
For the Hair, 1s., 2s., 3s. 6d.
For the Moustache, 1s., 2s., 3s. 6d.

CHARMING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



BLONDEAU VIOLET SOAP, 1s.

BLONDEAU CHOICE TOILET SOAPS.		
Cucumber & Glycerine 6d.	Marechal Niel Soap ... 8d.	Lettuce Scap ... 8d.
Lys de France ... 8d.	Jequilla Soap ... 8d.	White Rose & Cucumber Soap ... 10d.
Oriental Soap ... 8d.	Marequil Soap ... 8d.	Violet Soap ... 1s.
Heliotrope Soap ... 8d.	Musk Lavender Soap ... 8d.	Opoponax Soap ... 1s.
	Cold Cream Soap ... 8d.	



BLONDEAU ORIENTAL SOAP, 8d.



VINOLIA SHAVING SOAP
(Flat Cakes).
Premier, 1s.; Toilet, 2s.;
Vestal, 3s.



VINOLIA SHAVING STICKS.
Premier, 6d.
Toilet, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.
Vestal, 2s.



VINOLIA SHAVING FOAM.
In collapsible Tubes,
Toilet, 1s. and 1s. 6d.
Vestal, 2s. 6d.



VINOLIA.
For Itching, Burning, Face-Spots,
Chilblains, &c.
1s. 1d., 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s.



VINOLIA POMADE.
Natural to the Hair and Scalp.
In White Opal Vase, 2s.
In Antique Porcelain Vase, 3s. 6d.



LAIT VINOLIA.
For the Complexion.
In elegant Porcelain Vase, 4s. 6d.

BLONDEAU VINOLIA PERFUMES.

Purest, Delicate, Concentrated, Very Delicate.

Vinolia Bouquet, Jequilla, Honeysuckle, Musk, Losaria, Frangipanni, Jockey Club, White Lilac, Wood Violet, Ess
Marequil, Opoponax, White Heliotrope, Stephanotis, Bouquet, Jasmin, White Rose, Marechal Niel, Musk
Millefleur, Ylang-Ylang. Rose, Ambergris, Amaryllis, New-Mown Hay.

1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 3s., 5s., and 9s. per bottle.

Elegant Leatherette Cases containing any two of the above Perfumes, 3s. and 4s. per Case.

shaped back is carried out in golden-brown velvet and tapestry brocade, and the chair seat is prettily upholstered in the latter fabric, the whole effect being exceedingly good, while to convince yourself of its comfort all you have to do is to seat yourself in it for one moment, and the fact that you will not want to get out of it will be proof positive of that particular quality. Then, as to the price—forty-five shillings—no one is likely to grumble at that; but any who are so disposed can content themselves with one or other of the scores of pretty wicker chairs, draped and cushioned with cretonne, which commence at merely nominal prices. Then take the tables, one of which, destined for the reception of fancy-work or needlework of any kind, is carried out in satin-wood and walnut, with diamond-shaped lid-top, and gracefully curved legs, and is only forty-five shillings, while to go to the other extreme, 5s. 6d. suffices to purchase the exceptionally pretty little bamboo table, the top of which is composed of plaited squares. The last illustration is not by any means last in order of merit, for it represents a fire-screen of muffled green glass set in a bamboo frame, and provided with a shelf.

But by no means must our old friends, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast, escape our notice, and the first thing I should advise you to do is to send for a post-free copy of their Christmas list, and pore over such extracts as "ladies' cambric handkerchiefs from 2s. 3d. a dozen," those bearing the name of "Union," and the price of 2s. 9d., being particularly noteworthy, on account of their excellent appearance and durable qualities. The silver-flax hem-stitched handkerchiefs, all pure linen made of the most superior flax, are still as great favourites as ever; and they commence, in ladies' sizes, at 4s. 9d., and in gentlemen's at twelve shillings. They are delightfully soft, and washing only seems to improve them, and as to the initialling of these dainty things you can let your fancy run riot among all manner of beautifully designed monograms or single letters, which can be embroidered on the chosen handkerchiefs for a very small extra charge. Handkerchiefs, dress lengths, aprons, and caps for presentation to maid-servants are also included in Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's list, and I only wish that space allowed me to quote from it at greater length. As, however, this is impossible, you must make up for my shortcomings in this respect by giving special attention to the Christmas list when it arrives.

Then Santa Claus himself suggested that you should be reminded of the comfort and pleasure which a judicious distribution of parcels of tea would give to a number of people who are not too well blessed with this world's goods; and what could be better for this purpose than the United Kingdom Tea Company's splendid 1s. 9d. tea, which, as it is used regularly by thousands of people to whom price is no consideration whatever, though excellence is everything, will, you may be quite sure, be thoroughly appreciated by anyone to whom you may present it. As a matter of fact, the United Kingdom Tea Company's tea commences in price at a shilling a pound, and any which you may want for Christmas distribution is put up in quarter, half, or pound bags, without extra charge. All you have to do is to send your order to the company's offices, 21, Mincing Lane, E.C., and it will be promptly carried out. I must also tell you that there is a special tea, called the "Valora Tea for Invalids," which bears out its title, and is specially suited for those with weak digestions, who would otherwise have to forego a very great pleasure. It is entirely free from tannin, and is heartily recommended by the medical profession, so this would be a delightful present for any invalid friends.

Then, as I cannot see why we should not take advantage of Christmas to present ourselves with some little thing which we know will be of benefit and pleasure to us, let me suggest that you should invest in a stock of those preparations which have acquired a world-wide fame under the name of "Vinolia," and thereby ensure your complexion being all that you could desire during the trying winter months, when frosts and bitter winds play havoc with the skin, unless some precautions are taken. There is, of course, the "Vinolia" Cream, most soothing and delightful of emollients, the Vinolia Powder and all varieties of Vinolia Soap—"Musk Lavender," "Lettuce," "White Rose and Cucumber," "Heliotrope," &c.—from 1s. 6d. per box of three tablets, while the Vinolia scents are steadily making their way in the popular favour. You might as well complete your purchases by a bottle of Scrubb's Cloudy Household Ammonia, for, as most of you know by this time, it is invaluable for softening the water and clearing and refreshing the skin; there is nothing in the way of a stain which it will not remove, and for all household purposes it is invaluable.

And now, at last, Santa Claus and I came to the parting of the ways; but, just as we were both about to take a touching farewell of each other, there came to us a breath of perfume, so altogether lovely and fascinating that we had to start off once more and run it to ground. Of course, it originated in Rimmel's famous establishment at 96, Strand, and when we arrived there we found it filled to overflowing with the quaintest baskets and hampers, shoes and bags, each one containing its own particular treasure in the way of the scents which have made Rimmel's name famous. One of the quaintest designs is a cleverly executed bicycle in straw, bearing as its burden a bag of blue satin, in which nestles a bottle of scent, while a gold wickerwork basket is lined with mauve satin, and bedecked with sprays of violets and tea-roses, its contents being a handsome cut-glass bottle of "Lilac" scent. To show you that his prices are arranged to suit all purses, I may tell you that quaint little wooden shoes, holding diminutive bottles of scent, are only priced at sixpence each, so that you can call at any of the establishments, 96, Strand, 180, Regent Street, or 64, Cheapside, without any fear of being prevented from making purchases on account of extravagant prices.

FLORENCE.

WHERE TO SPEND CHRISTMAS.

On the Brighton and South Coast Railway the availability of the special cheap week-end tickets issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to the seaside will be extended for return up to and including Thursday, Dec. 27. Special Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe. On Saturday and Monday extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight, and on Monday an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, &c. On Boxing Day, day trips at special excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton; and from the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, Chichester, Worthing, and Brighton to London.

The South Western Railway issue cheap Christmas holiday, ordinary, and steamboat tickets to all stations, including Exeter, Plymouth, Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, Weymouth, Bournemouth, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Jersey, Guernsey, St. Malo, Havre, Paris, &c. The 5 p.m. West of England train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Sidmouth and the North Devon line, and on Christmas Eve a late train will leave Waterloo at 11.45 (midnight) for Basingstoke, Winchester, Southampton, Portsmouth, Dorchester, Weymouth, &c. On Sunday and Christmas Day the 11 a.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Ilfracombe. On Christmas Day special trains will leave Waterloo for Basingstoke, Salisbury, Exeter, Plymouth, North Devon, &c. On Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday (Dec. 27), late trains for London will leave Plymouth, Devonport, &c.

The Great Western Railway Company issue tickets from the booking-office at Paddington every day during the week preceding Christmas Day. Ordinary tickets obtained in London between Dec. 18 and 24 will be available for use on any day between and including those dates. Cheap third-class tickets at reduced fares will be issued from London to the Yeovil and Weymouth districts, to stations in the West of England, and to Guernsey and Jersey; similar tickets will also be issued from those districts to London (except the Channel Islands). On Saturday night cheap excursions will be run at 11.10 p.m. for Bath and Bristol, Oxford, Worcester, Malvern, Leamington, &c., and at 12.40 a.m. (Sunday morning) to Gloucester, Cardiff, New Milford, &c.

The Great Northern Railway Company run on the nights of Friday and Friday week cheap excursions for Scotland. Passengers by the excursion on Friday return on Wednesday, or Saturday, Dec. 29, and those by the excursion on Dec. 28 return on Wednesday or on Friday, Jan. 2 and 4. Tickets at a single fare for the double journey will also be issued by these excursions to Scotland on the above dates, available for return on any day within eight days, including days of issue and return. On Saturday cheap excursions will be run to Cambridge, Lynn, Norwich, Cromer, &c. On Saturday and Monday the 10.40 p.m. express from King's Cross, which does not usually run beyond Berwick on Saturday nights, will be run through to Edinburgh, and be due in Edinburgh at 10.15 a.m. on Dec. 23 and 25. On Monday the 5 p.m. express from King's Cross will be continued to Melton Constable, calling at all stations east of Peterborough. A special express at ordinary fares will leave King's Cross at 12 (midnight) on Monday for Welwyn, Stevenage, Hitchin, Biggleswade, Sandy, &c. On Christmas Day the trains will run as on Sundays, except that the 5.15 a.m. express from King's Cross will be run, at ordinary fares, to Peterborough, Bourne, &c., stopping at the intermediate stations at which it ordinarily calls, and will be continued north as far as Aberdeen.

The South Eastern Railway, on Sunday and Christmas Day, run a fast train to Ashford, Canterbury, Deal, Ramsgate, and Margate. On Monday a fast late train will be run to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tonbridge, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Westenhanger, Shorncliffe, Radnor Park, Folkestone, and Dover, leaving Charing Cross at 12 midnight, Waterloo 12.2 a.m., Cannon Street 12.5 a.m., London Bridge 12.12 a.m., and New Cross 12.20 a.m. The cheap tickets issued to various seaside stations on this day will be available to return up to and including Dec. 27.

The Midland Railway open their booking offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street stations for the issue of tickets all day on Friday, Saturday, and Monday. Tickets to all principal stations on the Midland Railway and lines in connection may also be obtained beforehand at the Midland Company's City and Suburban offices, Cook's tourist offices, and the L. B. and S. C. Co.'s offices. Tickets obtained at these offices will be available at St. Pancras station, will be issued at the same fares as charged at that station, and be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.

The London and North Western Railway run trains to-morrow to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, Thurles, Galway, Sligo, and other places in the South and West of Ireland—to return within sixteen days; on Friday to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, Enniskillen, Warrenpoint, Dundalk, Newry, and other places in the North of Ireland—to return within sixteen days; and to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Callander, &c., for five or eight days; on Saturday to Londonderry, *via* Fleetwood and *via* Liverpool, and thence by steamer direct—to return within sixteen days, and in the evening to Coventry, Leamington, Birmingham, South Staffordshire stations, Wolverhampton, &c., for four or six days; and on Dec. 28 to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Callander, &c., for five or seven days. By the excursion trains to Carlisle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and the North of Scotland, on Dec. 21 and 28, passengers can also obtain third-class tickets at a single ordinary fare for the double journey, available to return by one fixed ordinary train on any day up to Dec. 29 and Jan. 4, respectively.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Dec. 15, 1894.

The Bank return is featureless, but no doubt wider movements will be recorded at the end of the year. No upward movement in the Bank rate can, of course, be expected until the reserve is further depleted, which, considering there is nearly a million of gold bullion on its way hither, does not seem by any means probable in the immediate future.

The settlement has passed off with no difficulty, and without any failures, and several favourable features, such as the fall in the Argentine gold premium, have contributed to make buying predominate, especially in the mining market, where things have gone rampant again, as we anticipated they would, the moment Paris and other Continental centres renewed their buying orders.

The reports about the success of the new Russian loan are, of course, gross exaggerations, but there is no doubt that it has been well subscribed, and it is probable that, even in London, it has been covered at least twice over, for we hear of very heavy applications by several large finance houses and trust companies, while the general public responded in a remarkable way, as every broker knows. There is no doubt we shall be asked for further loans by other States upon the success with which the Russian experiment has been attended.

Colonials have improved somewhat after the recent slump, and, for the moment, we should be rather buyers than sellers. The stocks are held by investors, and the prudent man would wait a favourable chance of selling, taking advantage of any rise to get out of things like Victorian 4 per cent. stock. It is said that some of the reconstructed banks, especially the City of Melbourne and the Colonial Bank of Australasia, will have to make fresh arrangements with their creditors, and altogether the outlook in Australia is not very satisfactory.

The interest on the Newfoundland debt is, we hear, arranged for, so we shall be spared the painful sight of a British colony in default. Messrs. Harvey and Co., the leading firm of merchants in the island, are, we hear, bringing actions against several newspapers here for including their names in the list of firms who had suspended payment.

The Pooling Bill, and one or two other hopeful signs, have to some extent improved Yankee Rails, but the public, on this side at least, takes no interest in this market, which but for the professionals would be quite dead. Stories are going round that there is a prospect of some working arrangement between the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific, but the "yarn" is not generally believed.

The Rand output of gold for November of 175,309 oz. is very good, and has stimulated buying. On the top of the recent advance in prices all round it is very difficult to advise, but, with some misgivings, we should expect New Cræsus, Orions, and Paarl Central to yield profits, and the accounts which reach us of Champ d'Or are very favourable. You must not expect us to find Van Ryns for you every day, dear Sir, for at the time we advised you to buy the market was unduly depressed, whereas now it is certainly inflated.

You ask us to name a few stocks which your friends can safely buy to pay 4, 5, 6, and 7 per cent. The first is comparatively easy; but if you will understand that the higher the interest the greater the risk, we think the following may prove useful—

Stocks with a Free Market to yield 4 per cent.

Illinois Four Per Cent. Gold bonds; Nizams State Railway stock; City of Auckland Five Per Cent. bonds, redeemable 1934; Christchurch Drainage bonds, 1926; City of Quebec Six Per Cent. bonds, 1908; Baltimore and Ohio Four and a-Half Per Cent. Gold bonds.

The average of the above stocks would be about 4½ per cent., and the holder might safely sleep on his securities.

Stocks with a Free Market to yield 5 per cent.

Louisville First Mortgage Trust Gold bonds; Norfolk and Western General Mortgage bonds; Nitrate Railway Mortgage bonds; Imperial Continental Gas stock; Bank of New Zealand Estates debentures; Napier Six per Cent. Municipal bonds, redeemable 1914.

The average of the above would be slightly over 5 per cent., and we consider there is very little practical risk in holding any of them.

Stocks, some with a Limited Market, to yield 6 per cent.

United States Brewing Company debentures; Assam Railway pre-Pref. shares; Gordon Hotels Ordinary shares; Linoleum Manufacture shares; Japanese 7 bonds; Antofagasta (Chili) stock.

We should have very little fear as to any of the above, which, in our opinion, are all fair investments.

Stocks with a fairly Free Market, to yield 7 per cent. or over.

Uruguay 3½ stock; Mexican 6 per cent. stock; United States Brewing Company preference shares; Nitrate Railway ordinary or pref.-converted shares; Aërated Bread shares; Leobong Tea shares.

There is no liability on any of the above stocks and shares, and your friends, dear Sir, would be reasonably safe in holding them. You will notice we have tried to spread the investments over different countries and businesses of various kinds, so that in no cases shall all the eggs be in one basket.

You will not hear from us next week, dear Sir, on account of the holidays, but you will allow us now to wish you all the compliments of the season, and to hope that, although your speculations have been fairly fortunate in the past year, we may be lucky enough to find investments in 1895 which will prove even more remunerative.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

S. Simon, Esq.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE NYASSA COMPANY.—This concern has been trying to obtain subscriptions to 2000 6 per cent. first mortgage debentures of £50 each. The experience of the miserable subscribers to the Delagoa Bay Railway debentures should prevent persons throwing away their money in this affair, and the correspondence which has appeared in various papers has, we imagine, put the finishing stroke to the issue. The basis of the whole company are certain Portuguese decrees, not the sort of thing upon which a prudent man cares to lend money. When the prospectus is examined, we find that the mortgage is practically a floating charge upon—well, we have been unable to discover exactly what, except, perhaps, the right to hunt elephants. If a public official were appointed to revise prospectuses, we should at least be spared the issue, under the title of "First Mortgage Debentures," of such bonds as these, and if any unfortunate reader has got an allotment, we advise him to find a purchaser as soon as possible.

THE SHEFFIELD AND SOUTH YORKSHIRE NAVIGATION COMPANY, LIMITED, is issuing £625,000 4½ preference shares. This prospectus contains two very strong points. In the first place, the directors and their friends have already subscribed for £270,000 of the issue, and in the second there is a distinct promise that no allotment will be made unless the whole amount is subscribed. The concern is incorporated to buy from the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company certain canals, and the preference shares should prove a sound investment.

THE WORLD MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering £40,000 of £5 each, on which it is intended to call up £2. The board of directors is a powerful one, and no one is making "plunder" out of the promotion, so that, if the concern is prudently worked, we believe it has every prospect of doing well.

THE GOLD ESTATES OF AUSTRALIA, LIMITED, is seeking to place 44,000 shares of £1 each. The objects of the company are to negotiate for the purchase and sale of gold mines, and as there are no founders' shares, it is a fair risk, especially as the board contains several names which make us believe that those at the head of affairs understand the sort of business in which the company intends to engage.

THE OTTOMAN RAILWAY COMPANY OF ANATOLIA is inviting subscriptions for £1,600,000 5 per cent. debentures to complete the Eski-Cheir-Konia extension. The issue price is £89 per debenture, and for bonds paying so high a rate of interest we consider the security by no means bad. There is pretty sure to be a fair market in Germany, and the issue is well worthy of investors' consideration.

THE WHITE FEATHER MAIN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, is trying to place 17,000 shares of £1 each. There is a great splash made about striking water on this property, and one would imagine that enough had been found to run a crushing plant, but one thousand gallons a day would not keep five head of stamps going for three days a week, and, if such a poor supply is to be made so much of, we tremble for the fate of the other companies which have been brought out without a word as to water. On the evidence of the prospectus, the company appears to have a good gold-bearing reef.

HUMBER AND COMPANY, AMERICA, LIMITED, is one of those things which is better let alone. The Yankees have plenty of cycle manufacturing of their own, and when it is necessary to start a fresh one in the United States, we fail to understand why the English public should be asked to find the money. By all means let the Humber people sell their trade-marks in the United States, but it seems to us very suspicious that they should find it necessary to form a company here to buy them, and we see no good reason for Mr. E. T. Hooley to make a profit out of the deal. We advise our readers to give these shares a wide berth.

BUCKLEY'S BREWERY, LIMITED, is offering £70,000 4½ debenture stock. We have nothing to say against the security, but the amount is too small for a free market.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPORTSMAN.—No person alive can answer your first two questions except by guesswork. There is nothing to lead us to suppose that either stock will recover to your figures. The Grand Trunk will not earn its fixed charges this year, but has arranged to borrow the money necessary to pay its debenture interest. The whole position is very unsatisfactory, and will remain so, until you and your fellow shareholders make a clean sweep of the Tyler lot. (3) With the present mining boom these shares may improve, but we don't believe in them. You had far better try Consolidated Gold Fields or South African Gold Trusts, and you will have something of value for your money.

ALPHA.—(1) Sell Debenture Corporation shares. (2) Hold your New Chimes. (3) Ditto United States Brewing preferences.

L.—We are glad you agree with us.

C. T.—We hope you have got our private letter. Thank you for the enclosure.

CITIZEN.—Yes; we think the shares a fair speculation.

CANADIAN.—This company was a swindle. The liquidators were removed, and Mr. F. Young, of 41, Coleman Street, appointed in their place. Write to him for information; but we are told the case against the late directors is proceeding, and if successful, will yield a dividend to the shareholders.

DEVONIAN.—To advise speculation in the mining market on the top of the recent rise is very difficult; but buy Buffelsdoorn Estate, New Clewer, or New Chimes. For an outside shot, Balkis are worth picking up.

INEXPERIENCE.—We see no risk of any loss of interest on your Colonials; but you can improve the rate with equal safety. See our list of 4 per cent. investments in this week's notes.

W.—(1) These shares are quite unknown in London, and no jobber in the market has ever heard of them. (2) We have no means of knowing whether this concern is sound or not, but we should not like to trust our money to its keeping.

W. H. H.—Thank you for the enclosure. We hope our private letter has reached you.

NIGEL.—Hold Buffelsdoorns and Johannesburg Waterworks.

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Dec. 19, 1894.

Signature.....

"DR. BILL" REVIVED.

Some people have suggested that "Dr. Bill" has grown old, or, at least, old-fashioned. Their views hardly seem correct. No doubt since its production, as the first work of Mr. George Alexander's management, we have had farcical comedies of a new and preferable style, of which "Charley's Aunt" and "The New Boy" are the leading instances, but they are not numerous enough to oust the earlier style, and for some years to come we are likely to be obliged to rely upon works of the French or German school. Of its kind, "Dr. Bill" is, I think, a capital example. It would be unjust even to suggest that the present is not a strong company, but Miss Fanny Brough, who had the best part of the piece, has proved to be irreplaceable. I owe far too deep a debt for hearty laughter to Miss Lottie Venne even to hint that her acting was not very clever, but it is a question of temperament. Miss Brough has a vigour and intensity of humour that enabled her, in the scene where Bella, by mistake, locks up a strange man and woman in a bedroom, and finds that the key is down her back, to render it one of the situations that stand out clearly in the recollection of a persistent playgoer.

Of course, Miss Lottie Venne, who as Betsy and the Gutta-Percha Girl, and other like parts, has done splendid work, and deservedly is one of the favourites of our stage, acted very cleverly, and Mr. Charles Hawtrey proved himself once more a comedian of inimitable lightness and skill; but even these two could not quite catch a house that remembered the early days. In other respects the new cast is as good as the old, though on the first night it showed a lack of briskness in concerted action that probably has disappeared by now. Particularly I like to mention Miss Mabel Hardinge, who was charming as Bella's parlourmaid.

It is a healthy sign of the times when great manufacturers like Messrs. E. and T. Pink, the well-known jam people, make a special point of studying the comfort and well-being of their employees to the extent of building a large dining-room for their female workpeople, and the more so when the shrewd head of that large concern deliberately protests that he is not actuated by philanthropic so much as sound commercial instincts in doing so. Thus, however, Mr. Thomas Pink, at the luncheon given last week to celebrate the opening of the aforesaid dining-room. "I feel," said that gentleman, "that the more I study the interests and well-being of my workpeople, the more they will desire to continue their connection with this vast organisation, and will thus be induced to put in a better day's work, and, more important still, to give greater attention to the strict and honest performance of their duties." When so capable and successful an employer of labour takes this view, and in doing so lays no claim to philanthropic motive, all we can say is, Other manufacturers, please copy!

Many people still adhere to the excellent old-fashioned way of sending Christmas presents of the "good cheer" kind, and what can be more appreciated by a parent or other relative getting on in years than a case of wine of the good old sort? The great Burnay port sales have enabled some of the leading wine merchants to offer us some exceptional value in this direction, and Messrs. Arnold, Perrett, and Co., of 7A, Lower Belgrave Street, are well ahead in their selections. They have, too, some excellent old bottled ports, quoting a wine of Dow's shipping as low as 38s., and another of Taylor, Fladgate's at 39s., which could not have been bought at anything like such prices a few years ago.

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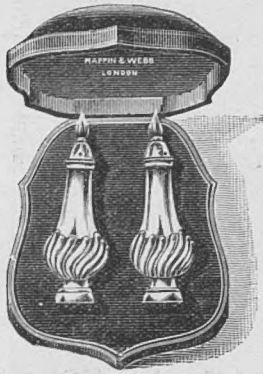
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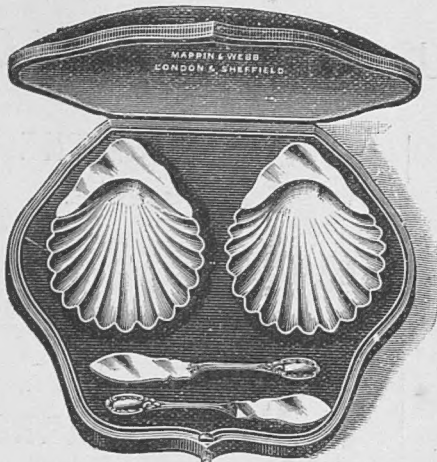
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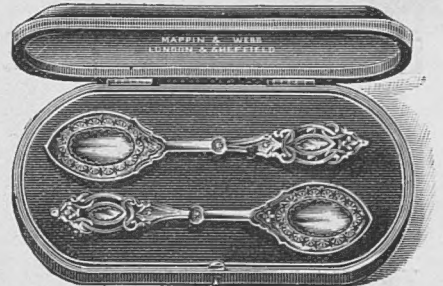
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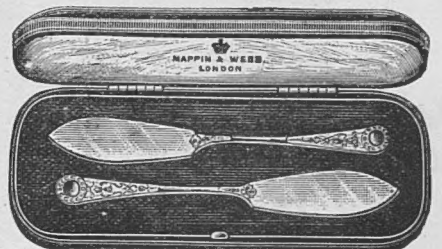


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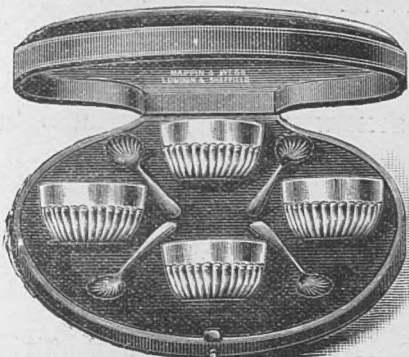
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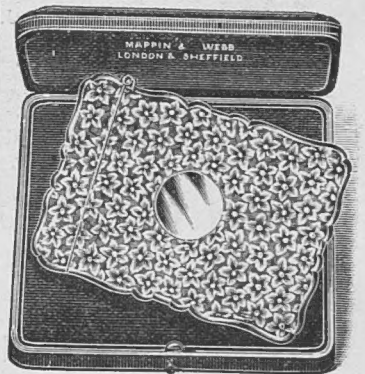
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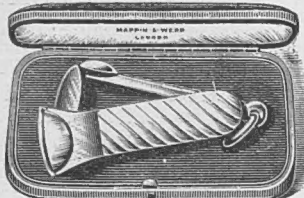
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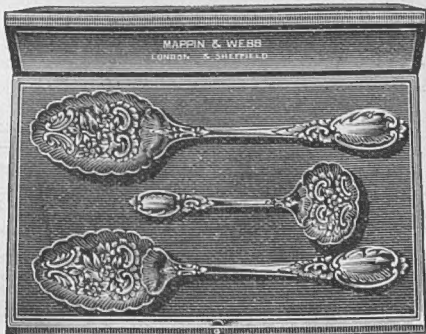


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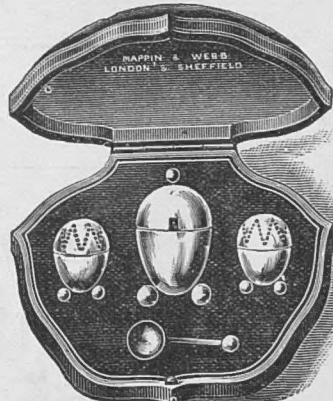
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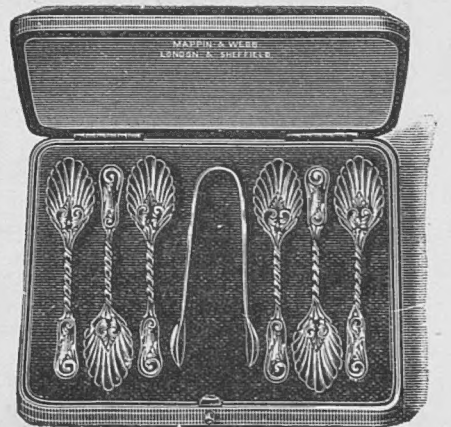
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